



Mrs. Cobden Sanderson, one of the Leaders of the English "Suffragettes," speaking on "Women and Socialism" at Labor Hall, New York, under the Auspices of the Socialist Party



Mrs. Borrmann Wells, another Englishwoman who has come to this Country to carry on a Propaganda for "Votes for Women," addressing an Open-air Meeting in Madison Square

TWO ENGLISH VISITORS WHO DEMAND "VOTES FOR WOMEN"

The Tribulations of the Suffragettes

AT HOME

THE suffragettes have reached New York, but have not yet attained to martyrdom. The public will not hurl eggs at them, and the police refuse to arrest them. When they hold open-air meetings, polite spectators hear without hearkening and pass along. When Mrs. Borrmann Wells and Miss Maud Malone organize a Sunday parade in defiance of police regulations, the police close their official eyes, and beg them not to hold up the street cars.

Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, who came here to arouse our down-trodden feminine population, has gone home in disgust. Mrs. Borrmann Wells, who came on a similar errand, fervid with determination, is still here but forlorn.

In our land, where woman terrorizes the State Legislatures, and man lies abjectly beneath her heel, this importation of foreign-made agitation would have aroused resentment save for its elements of humor.



The Suffragettes being "moved on" from Union Square by the Police. At the Head of the Procession are Mrs. Borrmann Wells, the English Leader, in a white Hat, and, at her Left, Miss Maud Malone, the American Propagandist

ABROAD

THE "Votes for Women" movement in England continues to make good headway. Since the series of sensational raids upon the House of Commons last year, cabinet ministers have lived under a reign of terror, their public addresses interrupted, and their houses besieged. The King has been waylaid and the law courts invaded. Meanwhile the sympathetic Premier, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, tells the women to "keep on agitating."

The women claim that since two-thirds of the country's representatives have announced their belief in women's suffrage, and then refused to pass a measure for that purpose, agitation has become necessary to awaken public interest.

In the intervals of raiding Parliament and the houses of cabinet ministers, bands of women are engaged in chalking up advertisements of their cause and making street collections.



As soon as one of the Suffragettes started Speaking, the Police broke up the Meeting



The Wandering Suffragettes going through Twenty-third Street, with "Mere Man" following



Arrest of a Suffragette who Attempted to Reach the King's Coach on the Occasion of the Opening of Parliament



English Suffragettes engaged in Chalking up the Slogan "Votes for Women" upon a London Fence

Votes for Women: An Object-Lesson

By BERTHA DAMARIS KNOBE



THAT masculine anti-suffragist of Massachusetts who grumbled, "When a man comes home tired at night he does not want to kiss an overseer of the poor or a member of the school board," will soon have to move to another planet. That is, if he aspires to be really happy. For the solemn fact is that the suffragists are appropriating so much of

this earth, politically speaking, that, like Alexander of old, they will shortly have to lament because there are no more worlds to conquer.

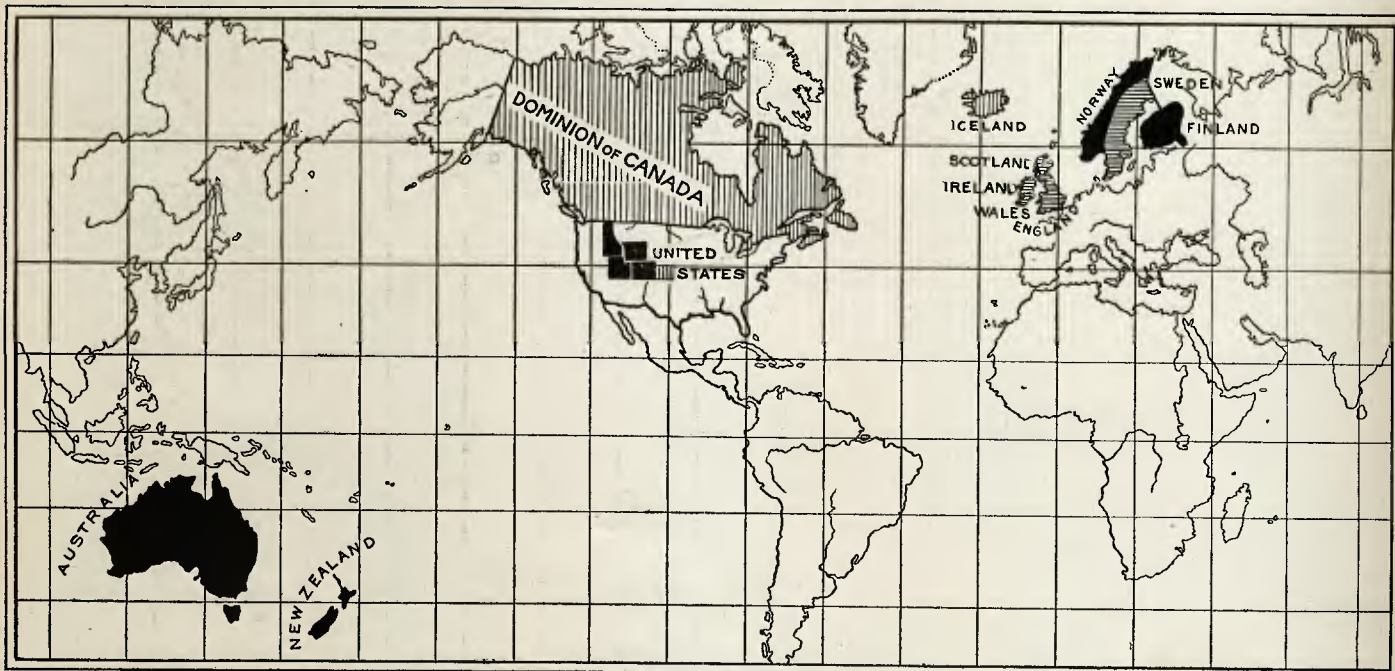
This amazing fact is to be demonstrated with mathematical precision at an international object-lesson in woman's suffrage, scheduled for the 15th of June at Amsterdam, Holland. This is the seven days' meeting of the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance, under its American president, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, of New York. Fair representatives from twenty-two countries—think of it!—will come to compare notes, and twelve of them—think again!—will proudly report that they possess full suffrage, every suffrage except Parliamentary, or municipal suffrage. The aspiring others will either boast of minor scraps of the ballot or a fine fight for it—which means that, suddenly and spectacularly, the once despised subject of feminine enfranchisement is being discussed in absolutely every civilized region of the globe. And yet the obdurate anti-suffragist persists that woman's suffrage isn't gaining ground!

This gathering in Amsterdam will be a glorification because, forsooth, such strides have been made since the Streuous Sisterhood met at Copenhagen, Denmark, two years ago. Two northern nations—Finland and Norway—have in this time crowned their women with complete citizenship! Undoubtedly interest will centre in the campaign tales told by the Finnish women, who, the first election after their enfranchisement in 1906, challenged the approval of the conventional world by seating nineteen women in Parliament. One instinctively wonders what the Massachusetts man thought when Mrs. Hedwig Gebhard was chosen to sit beside her illustrious husband. This interest will be shared by the Norwegian women, whose chivalrous countrymen, not to be outdone by their national neighbor, speedily bestowed, in 1907, full suffrage with eligibility to Parliament, though as yet no candidate has been entered in the Parliamentary race. These triumphs are the more striking when one recalls that fifteen years have elapsed

So these two extraordinary achievements of two years, particularly the unparalleled spectacle in Finland, fill the "franchise faithfuls" with a new brand of hope. That is precisely why they have chosen to camp in the little Dutch country for a week, for it seems likely to fall in with the full-suffrage procession. In fact, its committee of cabinet ministers, in their proposed revision of the constitution, have strongly recommended the enfranchisement of Dutch women, with eligibility to office, and though the new shift in government may temporarily defer the final seal of approval, Holland is labelled "most hopeful" on the international list. About 20,000 persons attended an open-air meeting of the Adult Suffrage Committee at Rotterdam not long ago, ten of the twelve speakers favoring woman's suffrage, while that irrepressible banner first unfurled by English "suffragettes" and since waved over the world—"Votes for Women"—was borne aloft in the preceding parade. After the Amsterdam meeting, the suffragists will do a little extra missionary work by one-day sessions at Rotterdam and The Hague.

"Aside from hopeful Holland," said Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the drum-major of this international suffrage procession, the other day, "it looks as if England and Sweden will be the next full-suffrage countries to fall into line. Every square foot of England is alive on this subject, the House of Commons recently giving the unprecedented majority of 271 to 92 in favor of woman's suffrage. In Sweden, suffrage societies are springing up like mushrooms, forty-two being organized in one year, and on the 15th of January, for the first time in Swedish history, the King's speech contained a few favorable words. There is no doubt which way the procession is moving—around the world."

This world-wide agitation to break up what somebody calls the most gigantic monopoly of the age—the masculine monopoly of the ballot-box—is beginning to be most picturesque. The subject has been long enshrouded in a hazy reminiscence of the early days of popular disapproval when red pepper, paper pellets, and even the laudatory hymn-books (to say nothing of obsolescent eggs) were employed to squelch the speeches of that sainted trio, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and, at a later time, associated only with polite papers decorously read at parlor meetings. The spectacular outbursts in the streets of the foremost cities of the world, therefore, show the new militant spirit which promises to dominate the movement. The daily stratagems of those



Woman-Suffrage Map of the World, showing the Forms of Enfranchisement granted in various Countries

Drawn from a map by Bertha Damaris Knobe

since the first of the four full-suffrage countries—New Zealand—bestowed the ballot on the sex in 1893; but the New Zealand men, not so favorably disposed as their Finnish and Norwegian brothers, still warily hold the string to the situation by reserving seats in Parliament solely for their own sex. Thirteen years have passed, moreover, since Australia began in its various states to bestow political freedom upon its women, even to Parliamentary eligibility, and though several feminine aspirants have polled a splendid vote, none has succeeded in winning the privilege of writing "M. P." after her name.

She-Napoleons of woman's suffrage, the English "suffragettes," which shocked the world into "taking notice"—their latest device is to dangle a kite with the words, "Votes for Women," directly over the House of Parliament which has ousted them so often—are chronicled in the newspapers; and the "apple-coring" which their New York contingent ungraciously got in Wall Street the other day is familiar history. But the average American does not know that Scottish women, emulating their English sisters, recently planned a monster parade down the stately streets of Edinburgh—three thousand strong, headed by the mounted police

and Lady Frances Balfour, while it is estimated that one million interested spectators lined the streets. Over in Paris, that time-honored stronghold of feminine furbelows, the suffragists drove through the principal boulevards to the Chamber of Deputies, bearing aloft such banners as, "Women must have votes for the taxes they pay and the laws they obey." During the late outburst of Hungarian men in Budapest for the franchise, a squad of woman suffragists invaded the ranks of the paraders to distribute 100,000 posters, beginning: "Men and women laborers—to-day you demonstrate for universal suffrage. You demand justice, right, and

elsewhere—in twenty-four other States of the United States, for instance, where women have either the tax-paying or school suffrage; and, to mention one more, in France, where they vote for members of commercial tribunals and other minor offices—small signs which promise new recruits for the international suffrage procession later on.

In several other countries the suffragists are trying to edge in sidewise. Bohemian women claim to have unearthed an old statute which does not exclude women from eligibility to the Diet. Thereupon with enterprising promptness they have put up Miss M.



Suffragists who recently besieged Congress for the Ballot

THIS DELEGATION APPEARED BEFORE THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE AND THE HOUSE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE TO URGE THE ENACTMENT OF A SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION PERMITTING WOMEN TO VOTE. THOSE IN THE FRONT ROW FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE: MRS. IDA HUSTED HARPER, NEW YORK; MISS KATE GORDON, NEW ORLEANS, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY, NATIONAL AMERICAN WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION; MRS. RACHEL FOSTER AVERY, SWARTHMORE, PENNSYLVANIA, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT; MISS LAURA CLAY, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, AUDITOR; MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, NEW YORK, PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE ALLIANCE; DR. ANNA SHAW, MOYLAN, PENNSYLVANIA, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION; AND MRS. HARRIET TAYLOR UPTON, WARREN, OHIO, TREASURER. THE SUFFRAGIST STANDING NEXT TO THE MAN ON THE EXTREME RIGHT IS MRS. FANNIE FERNALD, OLD ORCHARD, MAINE, PRESIDENT OF THE MAINE WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION. MRS. BELVA LOCKWOOD, OF WASHINGTON, D. C., ONCE A CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, WEARS A WHITE-TRIMMED HAT, AND IS THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE THREE WOMEN IN THE EXTREME REAR OF THE GROUP

equality. Don't forget that suffrage to be universal must include women." And these scenes are being repeated elsewhere, wherever a banner and a fair ballot-agitator make the necessary combination.

Added to Finland and Norway, the Amsterdam delegates will have minor gains to gloat over. Undoubtedly, as an afterclap to the international conference in Copenhagen, Denmark, that country gave, in 1907, its first scrap of the franchise to women—the vote and eligibility for boards of public charities. The same year in "Darkest Russia," where peasant women are awakening on the subject, and every party except the extreme conservatives has a woman's suffrage plank, women of property were permitted a proxy vote in the election of the Duma. Then in Sweden, where the women possessed municipal suffrage for forty-five years, eligibility to municipal office was added; and in England, where women were made eligible as mayors, aldermen, town and county councillors, several candidates promptly entered the field and were elected.

So the "recapitulation" roll-call at Amsterdam will sound decidedly cosmopolitan. To begin: There are the four full-suffrage countries of New Zealand, Australia, Finland, and Norway—five, in fact, if one includes the United States with its four enfranchised States of Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and Idaho. Besides, the miniature Isle of Man bestowed the ballot on women away back in 1881. Every suffrage, except Parliamentary, flourishes in the five countries of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and Sweden. The municipal vote obtains in two, Iceland and Canada—the former having granted eligibility to municipal office in 1902, and now the generously inclined government announces a bill for full suffrage; while the latter possesses in its nine provinces either municipal or school suffrage, or both. The mistaken report has gone broadcast that Denmark bestowed municipal suffrage early in 1908, the fact being that the government has recommended such a measure, and it is now pending before Parliament with the likelihood of passing. In the municipal list the one State of Kansas should be enrolled. Incidentally it may be added that lesser degrees of suffrage exist

Tumova as a Parliamentary candidate to test the law. The Italian women espoused the same sort of suffrage stunt last year—and lost, so goes the sorrowful sequel—when they backed Signorina Sacchi, daughter of Garibaldi's friend and physician, in her Parliamentary contest. However, such efforts are educational.

The showing of the American contingent at Amsterdam is important for several reasons. In the first place, an American woman is to sit in the President's chair. During the first four of Mrs. Catt's five years' régime, it is interesting to note, the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance has increased from five to thirteen countries, with fine prospects of three others joining the official ranks. The list includes Australia, Canada, Denmark, Finland, Germany, Great Britain, Hungary, Italy, Norway, Russia, Sweden, Holland, and the United States, with Switzerland, Belgium, and France as the promising possibilities. Likewise suggestive is the new spirit of the movement reflecting itself in scores of woman's suffrage newspapers which are springing up over the world. The international society has established an official organ—*Jus Suffragii*, published at Rotterdam—while *La Suffragiste* of Paris, and *La Voce della Donna* of Bari, Italy, serve as samples. Then, in the second place, the American delegation aspires to put up as fine a front as possible, preliminary to the great gathering, the quinquennial convention of the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance (the meetings at Copenhagen and Amsterdam are intermediate "conferences," it must be remembered) scheduled for New York in May, 1909. So the president will be accompanied by a goodly host, including such well known suffragists as Dr. Anna Shaw, Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, and Miss Lucy Anthony.

Meantime, in this official making of the woman's suffrage map of the world, encouragement comes from every masculine Parliament on earth. As ex-Minister Luzzati said recently before the Chamber of Deputies at Rome, "The whole civilized world is now agitating the question, which must be settled in favor of the women sooner or later."

The Suffragist and the G. O. P.

By Bertha Damaris Knobe



IN these days of spectacular doings of the "suffragette," the appearance of the political woman at the Republican convention in Chicago was somewhat of a disappointment. Though this convention will go down in party history as extraordinary for the fact that, for the first time, a woman sat as delegate, and though a remarkable increase of gayly gowned society women, wives of prominent politicians who gently pulled wires, added piquancy to the occasion, the great Coliseum closed its doors without the suffragist having made any marked demonstration. Three days preceding the Chicago event a monster parade of 20,000 suffragettes in London, headed by the Rev. Anna Shaw, of America, showed the high-pressure movement for woman's suffrage, which is breaking out, with sporadic picturesqueness, over the whole world. The contrast seemed the greater when the at-home contingent confined its efforts with the Republican party to the rather academic urging of the Resolutions Committee to put a woman's suffrage plank in their platform. The one hundred masculine members of this

the ballot for the working-girl,—the 5,000,000 bread-winners who have entered every occupation in the United States but nine. After presenting their industrial disadvantages because of political disfranchisement, she reminded the committeemen that, unlike the wealthy women who go abroad to spend the millions made by their husbands, they spend their earnings at home. They were represented as especially entitled to the protection of the ballot-box. Then she paid tribute to the woman as property-owner, with her greatly growing importance in the world of finance, and citing Mrs. Emmons Blaine and the late Mrs. Sturges of Chicago as the two persons in that city who, though by no means the most wealthy, possessed the civic conscience to pay the highest taxes. Finally she wittily threatened these Republican platform-makers with the probability (which even masculine prophets declare may become a reality at the Democratic convention in Denver) that, as both Mr. Bryan and his wife strongly favor the enfranchisement of the fair sex, it is not unlikely, if he be the nominee of his party, that their political rivals would have the honor of first inserting the devoutly desired woman's suffrage plank. Thereupon these men politely smiled that diplomatic smile.

boom on the social side of politics. Scores of delegates were accompanied by their interested wives, who, while they served the pleasing purpose of making a brilliantly gowned background on the platform, also proved the recent marked development of the political woman in America. Curiously enough, these women



Mrs. Charles Henrotin, Honorary President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs which numbers 1,000,000 Members

committee gallantly received the ten women who waited on them, generously applauded both before and after their two speakers, listened most respectfully to their remarks—and then carefully rolled the copy of their resolution in moth-balls for another four years.

The nearest approach to doing something "strenuous" was the individual effort of a New York suffragette who tried to stick her big yellow badge marked "Votes for Women" on the unyielding back of the huge papier-maché elephant which the Blaine Club of Cincinnati escorted through the convention hall. Again the G. O. P. was diplomatically polite, for the improvised Uncle Sam in charge of the animal gently pushed it just far enough to be tantalizingly out of reach.

The woman's suffrage hearing was conducted with distinction, however. Two of the leading women in America made eloquent pleas. One was the "foremost citizen in Chicago," as Miss Jane Addams of Hull House has been repeatedly called—notwithstanding the contradictory fact that as "citizen" she is politically classed with masculine idiots, lunatics, and illiterates. The other was Mrs. Charles Henrotin, Honorary President of the one million club-women in the General Federation of Women's Clubs. These ardent suffragists having managed the lively campaign for municipal suffrage in Chicago, lately defeated by but one vote, were unanimously chosen as best equipped to reason with the great white elephant of anti-suffrage sentiment among the Republican men.

The summons to appear before the august committee headed by Senator Hopkins of Illinois came unexpectedly, but the women were equal to the emergency. The hearing had been scheduled for the second day, and several Chicago suffragists were closeted at home preparing set speeches, and several more were hurrying conventionward on incoming trains, when the political powers that be precipitated momentary turmoil in the suffragists' camp by suddenly announcing that the afternoon of the first day—in one hour's time, in fact—would be the accepted time.

It was a case of "now or never," and Mrs. Henrotin promptly gathered up a few "franchise faithfuls" who, at that time, were peacefully drinking tea at the near-by Chicago Woman's Club, and hustled them over to the committee-room at the Congress Hotel. One of the party was Mrs. Iva Wooden, who collected seventy-five yards of woman's suffrage signatures for presentation to the Illinois Legislature not long ago; and another was Mrs. Mary E. Holmes, formerly State president, who has mothered many a suffrage scheme.

The entire hearing lasted only ten minutes, so the speakers made a new record as to talking proclivities of their sex. Mrs. Henrotin made a special plea for

Meantime, a hurried telephone message had been sent to Miss Addams at Hull House, who jumped into a passing cab and speeded to Congress Hotel. "You have just three minutes left to speak," announced the mistress of ceremonies, as the masculine politicians applauded the entrance of this famous settlement worker. In that brief time Miss Addams recounted the advantages of the ballot to the domestic woman. She depicted the handicap struggle of the tenement mother, as she observed her every day, to obtain pure milk, sanitary conditions, and right child labor laws through the "indirect influence" which anti-suffragists think so beautifully effective. She prayed for direct legislation for the home-body.

After Mrs. Henrotin in conclusion explained that the proposed plank to grant woman's suffrage "by States" was so worded as not to interfere with State rights, Senator Hopkins asked discreetly if any anti-suffragists were present to speak. For once in their official lives they had not deserted their "sacred precincts" to do the paradoxical act of agitating in public after the fashion of their constantly condemned suffrage sisters; and so the equally ardent "anti" had no hearing at the Republican convention.

The chance circumstance which elevated a woman—Mrs. Lucy A. Rice Clark, of Garland, Utah—to the distinction of delegate, turned out to be, in these suffragette days, a political anachronism. She represents the mild mannered type wholly unlike the progressive suffragists who appeared before the Resolutions Committee, or the sort the overzealous cartoonist would have us believe came out of the fully enfranchised West. With the same breath in which she placidly says, "Yes, woman's suffrage is a success in Utah," she enthusiastically confides she is the mother of eleven children and grandmother of eleven more. Though distinctively of the domestic turn, she points with pride to the fact that she "also ran" on the Republican ticket in 1896 for State Senator.

In fact, the most feminine Mrs. Clark was out making a tour of the Chicago shops, on the afternoon preceding the convention, when word came that one of the Utah delegates would be unable to be present. As alternates, the exciting task devolved on her and two men to draw lots for the leadership. She sent up a little full suffrage prayer—and won!

Though the suffragist did nothing spectacular at the convention, it is noteworthy that there was a decided



Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, who appealed for a Woman's Suffrage Plank in the Republican Platform

whose personal charm is brought into play to further the political interests of the other sex are not, for the most part, suffragists in the sense that they clamor for the ballot. But they are vitally concerned with the issues of the day, and in drawing-room and at dinner-party—for there was a perfect round of "functions" during the session—they gave an encouraging imitation of the high-class English woman who, in the salon, has long been a power in politics.

Undoubtedly the one woman who held the centre of the stage, literally speaking, was the President's daughter, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth. Attired in girlish costume she sat beside her husband in the front row, and, when her "favorite son" was finally nominated, unbended from the assumed unconcern during the volcanic applause for her father by resoundingly thumping the floor with her husband's cane. On all sides women stood on chairs, wildly waved banners, and emitting an occasional yell like unto that of the tumultuous men. Among the fair enthusiasts were Mrs. Charles Taft, Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, Mrs. Chauncey Depew, Mrs. Myron Herrick, and Mrs. Horace White.

That there was no special woman suffrage outburst was due, in part, to the apathy, if not opposition, of many Chicago club-women to "suffragette" methods which prevail in the East. That Chicago working-women did not take the initiative was owing, on the one hand, to their disapproval of Secretary Taft's position on the labor question, and, on the other, to the non-appearance of Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch, of New York, President of the League of Self-Supporting Women, who was expected to come to the convention with her party of working-girls in a bemottled automobile. At the last minute, Mrs. Blatch found herself tied up between her "suffragette" trip down the Hudson River by trolley, and the proposed houseboat party up the Erie Canal for the dispensing of suffrage doctrine, with writing open letters of protest to President Taylor, the masculine head of Vassar College, who said she was "unmannerly" because she, an alumna, recently held a suffrage meeting in a field just over the college fence—which is altogether another suffrage story.

An interesting onlooker at the convention suggested, however, when Senator Lodge grandiloquently said, after the manner of convention orators, "We believe in equal rights for all men," that the psychological moment for a first-class sensation had come if only some suffragette would unfurl from the front balcony the irrepressible banner which had already been emblazoned over the civilized world—"Votes for Women."

Meantime, the suffragists are looking forward expectantly to doing things with the Democratic party in Denver. They are likewise absorbing whatever consolation they can from the Republican party by reflecting upon the sentiments of its Presidential nominee. Not long ago, at Carnegie Hall in New York, Mr. Taft was asked, "Would you, if elected President, favor woman's suffrage?" He replied, "When I was a schoolboy, my first paper was on woman's suffrage. I was a strong advocate of it at that time, and I have not changed my mind."



Mrs. Lucy A. Rice Clark, of Utah, the first Woman Delegate to sit in a Republican National Convention

The Naval Branch of the Militant Suffragettes



Miss Annie Kenney, a leading English Crusader, pleading for Women's Enfranchisement from a Launch in the Earl's Court Exhibition Grounds, London

THE LONDON SUFFRAGETTES IN HOT WATER AGAIN



These three women—Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. Pankhurst, and Miss Pankhurst—issued a manifesto inviting people to aid the suffragettes in storming the Houses of Parliament. For this action they were arrested, and the photograph was taken while the Inspector was reading the warrant

THE ENGLISH WOMEN'S UNTIRING WAR FOR VOTES



Miss Fox, who chained herself to the grille in the House of Commons



Miss Douglas Smith (in front) and Miss Joachim participating in the ladies' equestrian parade through the streets of London in advertisement of a suffragette meeting in the Albert Hall

A College President and the Suffrage

By Clarence Wellford



None is greatly effective in this world without a creed. Wherever we see a structure of lasting worth and dignity we know some one has laid the foundation in a great and abiding faith. When one first sees Bryn Mawr College looming against the horizon, its clustered gray stone towers and single spire, its battlemented walls and oriel windows, it is hard to believe one is still in America, and when one wanders through the library cloisters with the fountain playing in the central court, such is the spell of its romantic beauty that one realizes at last that our own land is no longer barren and emptied of aesthetic delights.

But buildings in themselves do not create an atmosphere. And there is as perceptible, as breathable, an atmosphere about Bryn Mawr as there is in Oxford or in Cambridge. Not so extensive, not so heavy nor so fragrant, perhaps, but yet noticeable on all sides. "This," said the wife of an eminent professor of philosophy as she looked at the place—"this is the spot in all America where learning is still profoundly revered and believed in," and then I knew what name to give the atmosphere that broods over these turret-crowned slopes of land, these avenues of trees and sleepy spreading hillocks and meadows of dreamy country.

And when one asks what faith underlay and started its growth and still keeps it alive, who brought this all into being, one is referred to the president, Miss Carey Thomas, who was made dean before the college was opened and who brought to bear upon it all the experience, the knowledge, the hard-won victories, of her own struggle for an education in the preceding generation. For Miss Thomas was a pioneer in the realm of woman's completer education, a movement that so fitly preceded the agitation for the adult franchise. In an age when it was feared education might destroy women's health and unfit them for their special duties, President Thomas, a Baltimorean by birth, ran all the risks, accepted all the discouragements then set in the way, and determined at all costs to know what she could. Her mother was the daughter of the well-known John M. Whittall, of Philadelphia, and a Quaker, and both her father and mother often spoke in meeting. Very likely the parentage answers somewhat for the independence and the stanch faith of which I spoke just now, a faith that, from the very beginning, knew how to face the odds and overcome obstacles. When Miss Thomas found that there was no school in Baltimore that could prepare her for college, she turned to private tutors for instruction until she was fitted to enter the Junior class at Cornell. Upon taking her degree there, she sought and finally after some urging obtained from the trustees of Johns Hopkins University the right to work there for a doctor's degree. She was refused class instruction and was only allowed to hear lectures from an adjoining room. In 1879 Miss Thomas and Miss Gwinn were the first two women admitted to the modern language department of the University of Leipzig. During Miss Thomas's second year at the university, the Saxon parliament received a request from the Prussian government to close its doors to women, but President Andrew D. White, then United States minister to Germany, and a number of the professors of the university, made intercession, and the two young American women were allowed to pursue their work until the spring of 1883. Both Göttingen and Leipzig at that time refused degrees to women, and Miss Thomas, not to be daunted, went on to Zürich, where she was given the highest degree possible, *summa cum laude*. After taking her doctor's degree this indefatigable student went to Paris and continued her work in old French at the Sorbonne and the Collège de France, and when finally she returned to her native city it was to be elected dean by the trustees of Bryn Mawr College, and to begin at once to prepare plans for its organization.

It will be easily understood, then, when I say that this college is a concrete expression of Miss Thomas herself, of her courage, her steadfastness, her faith. And it is of no small significance that she, with her demands upon the future, her ever-alert sense of vistas widening and careers opening to women, should yet feel insistently, constantly, an unbroken allegiance to the great tradition of the past, so that these very buildings, their gray stones and mullioned casements, their quaint carvings and trim vines, bear to the eye as much as to the historic sense the closest kinship with the mother universities of England. Nor does the kinship consist in architectural beauty alone, but in the deliberate stress laid upon those studies and researches which make not so much for mere facts as for the real significance of art and history, philosophy and humane letters. In earlier days, when the college was smaller, the relation between Miss Thomas and the students was extraordinarily personal; she lectured in the college and was the working head of the English department. No personal detail of care or anxiety was too perplexing or too trivial to be laid before her. Her personality, her buoyant health, and unwavering faith penetrated and fortified, reached far and went deep, and when the students went out from her, hers was the image and the superscription. Wherever one met these students one found in them in some degree her largeness and courage, her enthusiasm and loyalty. And while to-day the students hear the president but for a scant fifteen minutes in the morning, and meet her only by appointment and at long intervals, the same influence is around and about them and the mark, if less plain, is upon them still.

When Miss Thomas, as one of the two women on the faculty at the opening of the college, was en-

trusted with the entire government of the student body, she again showed that faith which is the fundamental note of her character. She used her authority by hauding it over at once to the students themselves. "And you have never regretted it?" I asked the president the other day. "Never for a moment." President Thomas tells us when she first gave over the government of the students into their own hands, leaving them free to go off for week-ends when they desired, or to spend the night in the city, she was given, by the President of Harvard College, just two years to keep the college open under such a régime. That was twenty-three years ago, the college has grown steadily, and no restrictions have ever been laid upon the students by the faculty. From President Thomas's attitude in this matter we may judge that her faith in the general character of women was not less than her faith in their intellectual powers.

It is an easy matter to be overwhelmed by the great outlying borders of the unknown into which our efforts to extend the little island of the known push out, but President Thomas is not only temperamentally sanguine, she has also the courage which springs from having vanquished many a dragon of despair and defeat and emerged the conqueror. In the matter of the education of women she realized early that any limitations set upon the development of women meant limitation of a whole race, and that completer education and more thorough training are due no more to



President M. Carey Thomas, of Bryn Mawr College
FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN S. SARGENT

the women who are to become teachers and professional workers than to those who are to become wives and mothers. It is long since any one would have dared claim that an ill-trained, ill-educated man made the best father because he had fewest interests to divert him from his children, and perhaps it will not be very long before the same argument applied to women as mothers may yield up its fallacy. The human tendency to live by sentimental tradition is only a little less emphasized than the Virginian tendency to hold all life and all customs crystallized at the point where our great grandfathers left them.

Four years ago, President Thomas, with her unshaken faith in the victory of the rational and the just, began to speak to the students at Bryn Mawr on Woman's Suffrage. Two years ago a College Equal Suffrage League was formed, though it was considered a point of discretion to refuse admittance to Freshmen until they had had a year to consider their position. President Thomas has, then, put herself on record as offering to her students the opportunity to become informed upon and to consider this matter and decide whether or not they wish to enroll themselves with those who ask the same franchise which men so generously and liberally extended to the most ignorant of negroes half a century ago.

Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer has given her reasons in the *North American Review* for feeling that women were unworthy the franchise. "The need of our republic," she says, "is character—character to cure the general neglect of disagreeable public duties, character to fight for one's dues instead of making concessions, character not to yield to blackmail because it's the line of least resistance, character to refuse a double standard of honesty, political or commercial." And then she asks, "Have women character?" Mrs. Meyer sets herself on record as believing that the intellects of women may be improved, but when it comes to a mat-

ter of morals she considers them hopeless. The tasks allotted to women in the past, she tells us, have not been well performed; women have not borne or trained children to suit this severe critic of her own sex; they have never fulfilled their tasks conscientiously and uncompromisingly; they have not been content without public awards and applause; they have not brought to bear upon their work the best they had or the best they could become.

Indeed, nothing is more certain than that the main obstacle in the way of extending the franchise in the United States is not the American man, but the uninformed American woman. There has been a false but rather showy glamour thrown over the anti-suffrage attitude; quite regardless of the fact that it is always the *bourgeoisie* which is afraid of innovation and bound down by the silly shackles of convention it has been considered aristocratic to hold to the Eastern harem ideal of woman as an ornament and a toy, as a being more worthy of privileges than responsibilities, and more suited to petting and protection than to respect and reliance. History and knowledge of class tendencies will quickly destroy this fiction, for the chief marks of the aristocrat, man or woman, are fearlessness, the love of freedom, and the sense of power to shoulder responsibilities. At the Anti-Suffrage meeting held in New York a short time ago—that meeting at which Dr. Lyman Abbott converted so many women to the cause of suffrage—a very young reporter returned to his mother in much despondency, saying, "It's awful enough for a man to see women make chumps of themselves because they want something for each other, but to see them make chumps of themselves to spite each other and to play up to men, is awful." Doubtless there are some sincerely convinced anti-suffragists, women whose fathers or brothers or husbands believed in the so-called "woman's sphere"; women who have been carefully sheltered and who know little of the world's miseries or needs but who, with that patience and gentleness and dutifulness which, I should deem the distinguishing characteristic of the average woman, kept themselves busy with the duties closest at hand, and were content to reflect the masculine opinion as regards all outer issues. For, once given a trust, a memory or a cult, women are so pathetically faithful. They will not even let their dead redeem their past by acting for them under new conditions, but stand stubbornly at halt where they were left fifty years ago, while all things move and only their attitudes abide.

It is to such women as these that the College Equal Suffrage League must appeal. The fact that there has recently been a great public meeting for equal suffrage held by college women as such, coming together from all the different parts of the country as representatives of a movement already organized in fifteen States and fourteen colleges, shows that the movement is destined to spread among the educated classes. President Thomas says that this movement in itself indicates to her that the colleges of the United States are no longer to be the homes of lost causes, but that educated women are now ready to bear their part in the stupendous social changes of which the demand for woman's suffrage is but the outward symbol. During the sixty years since the first woman's suffrage convention was held till now, the mighty movement for the education of woman has run its triumphant course, and to-day the last barriers are down, and the universities of Germany, the greatest centres of scientific learning, have all been opened to women on the same terms as men. It is difficult to believe that educated women will or can remain indifferent to the tremendous issues involved in the cause of woman's suffrage. It is not only that wherever women have the ballot little children and young girls are more effectively protected—it is that in the great middle classes the struggle for existence is becoming so difficult, so constantly more strained and complex, that, until women can work and are enabled to sell their labor under fair conditions, for fair wages in the world's market, they will be afraid to marry unless they marry men of inherited fortune or unusual money-making capacity.

Miss Thomas feels that every trained and thoughtful woman owes it to herself and her environment to inform herself upon this vital question and deliberately take sides. Women's work in the world can no longer be done by indirection and by influence. Secretive and underhanded ways of working, once the only method possible to women, no longer fit into their trained and independent ways of thought. Woman has been taught in the last century to stand on her own feet, to do her own part in life in an open, straightforward and aboveboard way. Powerlessness and inefficacy she can still accept with dignity, but to be a power behind the throne is an indignity the modern woman rejects.

The fact that the whole question of woman's suffrage is so closely allied to woman's education and training makes it most fitting, then, that at the recent Buffalo convention of the College Equal Suffrage League Miss Thomas was elected president, for it means that the forces which have been set so earnestly and so victoriously to the problem of woman's fuller education may be applied to this attendant question.

Because, then, she holds so high a point of vantage, because she has already created an environment saturated with her own personality, because, year by year, she sends out into the world nearly a hundred young women equipped and strengthened in mind and character by her counsels and her example, we congratulate ourselves that the President of Bryn Mawr College is likewise the President of the College Equal Suffrage League.



Woman suffrage in Washington

THE HOUSE ON EIGHTH STREET, NEAR PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN PURCHASED FOR USE AS A NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS FOR THE SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT



An English Joan of Arc. Miss Elsie Howie, accoutred in a complete suit of armor, riding in a London Suffragette procession



Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont (in black), and the Rev. Anna H. Shaw



Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who attended the meeting and delivered a short address



The Rev. Anna H. Shaw, President of the National Woman Suffrage Association, making her address



The meeting itself was held under a large tent which had been erected on the lawn at "Marble House"



Fully five hundred persons attended this meeting, and the tent was scarcely large enough to accommodate all



"Marble House," the summer home of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, is one of the handsomest houses in Newport



One of the many booths on the lawn at "Marble House," where photographs and suffragist literature were sold

NEWPORT SOCIETY AS SUFFRAGETTES

MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT'S WOMAN SUFFRAGE MEETING HELD AT "MARBLE HOUSE," HER VILLA IN NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, WAS ONE OF THE MOST NOTABLE GATHERINGS OF THE SUPPORTERS OF THAT MOVEMENT EVER HELD IN AMERICA

Photographs copyright, 1909, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

The Women's War in England

THE SHELIVING OF THE FEMALE SUFFRAGE BILL HAS CREATED
A SITUATION THAT MAY ONLY BE RESOLVED BY BLOODSHED

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



THE British House of Commons recently brought to a close a two days' debate on woman suffrage. The question came before it in the form of a bill for extending the Parliamentary franchise to such women, about a million in all, as already possess the municipal franchise. The House of Commons passed the second reading of the bill by a majority of 109, and immediately afterward by a majority of 145 voted to refer it to a committee of the whole House. This was at once a victory for the suffragists and a profound disappointment to them. It was a victory because after a prolonged and intensely serious debate the House adopted their contentions. It was a disappointment because by referring the measure to a committee of the whole House, the Commons killed all chance of its becoming law during the present year. Had they referred it to a grand committee which would have settled all its details and then presented the result to the House for final ratification or rejection, there might have been a possibility of the bill reaching the statute-book in the autumn session. But this course was deliberately not adopted. It was felt, and rightly felt, that the measure was of such importance that it should only be dealt with by the House as a whole, and as the time of Parliament is already fully mortgaged for the remainder of the year, referring the bill to a committee of the whole House was tantamount to burying it beyond all hope of an early resurrection. The principle of the measure was asserted—though not, be it noted, by so large a majority as it had received on previous occasions—but steps were carefully taken to prevent effect from being given to it. All that the suffragists obtained from the fullest and most earnest and most searching debate that has yet been held on the subject in the House of Commons was an academic vote of approval in favor of their case—a vote that will not lead, and was not meant to lead, to any tangible results.

The debate was so extraordinary as to be, I believe, quite unique in Parliamentary annals. Although the government, as a government, could not take the bill under its official wing, it very wisely granted two whole days for its discussion. Not being a ministerial measure, every member was free to speak and vote as he pleased. All the ordinary bonds of party discipline were absolutely severed, and for once in a way the House presented the unparalleled spectacle of perfect freedom of debate untrammelled by any sense of party obligation or loyalty. The result was an amazing and very interesting exhibition of the most diverse and contradictory opinions. The bill was proposed by a Labor member and seconded by a Liberal; its amendment was moved by a Conservative and seconded by a staunch Ministerialist; the Prime Minister not merely opposed the bill, but came out flat-footed against the enfranchisement of women on any terms; the leader of the opposition voted for the bill and mildly laughed at the fears of those of his own followers who objected to it; the Home Secretary denounced it as an anti-democratic measure in that it would mainly place women of property on the voting registers, and the Secretary for War, while admitting its imperfections, supported it as a step toward the political equality of the sexes; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, while in favor of woman suffrage, refused point-blank to vote for a bill that was so drafted as to preclude the possibility of its scope being widened by amendments in committee; Lord Hugh Cecil, a Conservative of the most orthodox school, blessed the bill; Mr. Lytton, the Secretary of State for the Colonies in the last Conservative administration, was unable to understand how any member who availed himself of the services of women during an election as canvassers, speakers, organizers, and so on could refuse them the vote; while Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Conservative ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, passionately declaimed against the enfranchisement of the sex as almost the violation of a law of nature. I cannot, in short, recall any debate in which cross-voting and cross-thinking were more piquantly indulged in. Every aspect of the bill itself, of the movement of which it scarcely professed to be more than a first legislative instalment, of the politics of the sex question, of the results that might or might not flow from passing the bill, was discussed, assailed, defended, apologized for, or laughed at in a debate that enlisted nearly all the finest speakers and most experienced statesmen in Great Britain. And except that every one realized and admitted that the question was one of a gravity and complexity that could hardly be exaggerated, the net result of their deliberations was to leave matters much as they were beforehand.

That is a result with which it is perfectly certain that the women suffragists will not remain satisfied. It will, I imagine, inevitably embitter them and instil into their agitation an extra vehemence that will stop little short of ferocity. It was hinted more than once

during the debates on the bill that unless it became law the scenes of violence and disorder with which the public has been familiarized during the past few years would be repeated on a yet ampler scale. I can quite believe it. It will indeed surprise most Englishmen if a bill enfranchising women is passed without bloodshed. That it will be passed in the long run hardly anybody doubts. But no government will ever make it a party measure, because no government that is ever likely to hold office in Great Britain will be a unit, or anything like a unit, on the question. What probably will happen will be that some government will bring in a bill—it is already urgently needed—dealing with the numberless anomalies and contradictions of the British electoral system; that an amendment will be introduced admitting women to the suffrage; and that the government will undertake to accept the amendment if the House endorses it. In that way, five years or so from now, woman suffrage may conceivably become a reality. But the advocates of the cause are in no mood to wait five years. They want to see it triumph at once. The bill which was debated on July 11th and 12th represented the minimum of their demands. It was the result of a compromise among the various sections of the movement. The extremists intensely disliked its moderation and only consented to have it put forward in their name in the belief that the House of Commons, while certain to reject a more advanced measure, would adopt and give effect to a bill allowing women who already voted at municipal elections to vote also at Parliamentary elections. Now that even this meagre fraction of their claims has been denied to them, the result is pretty sure to be a re-encouragement of the militant campaign. "I venture to say," remarked Mr. Asquith at the close of his speech, "and to say with all solemnity and earnestness, to the promoters of this movement, high-minded, chivalrous men and women as I know the bulk of them to be—I venture to say that the cause which cannot win its way to public acceptance by persuasion, by argument, by organization, and by peaceful methods of agitation, is a cause which has already in advance pronounced upon itself its own sentence of death." That is not at all how the militant suffragists view the matter. They know well enough that it is their vigorous methods which have brought the question to its present prominence and they are quite prepared to adopt yet more vigorous methods to insure its success. Their temper is more than bellicose, it is little less than bloodthirsty. There are scores of women—stretching all the way from women of title to factory hands—who will stick at nothing to further the cause; and if they become convinced that shooting a cabinet minister will help matters along, unquestionably they will shoot. Let there be no mistake about it; England is going to see some strange and distressing sights before this question is settled. Since Fenianism splintered to its close no movement has arisen in Great Britain that is so likely to repeat its tactics and methods as the woman-suffrage movement. I set no limits to the fanaticism of some of its adherents.

After all, one cannot blame the women for feeling impatient. The suffrage movement in Great Britain has been going on for over fifty years and the goal is not reached yet. Many bills were introduced admitting women to the franchise long before the militant school of propagandists arose and many of them actually passed their second reading. But nothing more was heard of any of these measures; they never got beyond the initial stage; and their discussion was looked upon rather as a welcome break in the seriousness of House of Commons life and as an occasion for a riot of Parliamentary humor. The public was not interested in the question. The press boycotted it. Meetings, addresses, and petitions multiplied, but they yielded no "copy." More and more women joined the ranks of the suffragists, but the agitation they organized had the fatal defect of dullness. The temperate appeal to reason fell on deaf ears. It is safe to say that up to the end of 1905 the average Englishman had hardly given a thought to the movement, knew next to nothing about it, and was profoundly indifferent to its fortunes. If he has now been forced alike out of his ignorance and his apathy if woman suffrage is to-day, as it unquestionably is, in the front rank of the political questions and topics of the moment, the result is altogether due to the new tactics adopted by the women themselves. A record of their activities during the past five years would show there are few devices patented by men for the conversion of politicians that the woman suffragists have not made their own. They have heckled every single member of the Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith cabinets. They have been thrown out of innumerable meetings, not always in the gentlest manner. They have invaded the once sacred precincts of Westminster Hall and the lobbies of the House of Commons and have there raised such pandemonium that for several months no woman was allowed to listen to the debates from the Ladies' Gallery.

At the last general election they flooded the constituencies with banners, leaflets, placards, and admirably effective speakers. When Mr. Winston Churchill, defeated at Manchester, sought an asylum at Dundee, he was pursued from meeting to meeting by a suffragist with a bell. The law courts have echoed to women's defiance of man-made law. They have broken the Prime Minister's windows; they have chained themselves to his railings. There is scarcely a town in England that has not been thrown into an uproar by their propaganda. They have organized imposing processions and held monster meetings in Hyde Park and the Albert Hall. A suffragist with a collecting box outside a London railway station or addressing an open-air gathering in a side street has become one of the commonest of metropolitan sights. Every candidate who runs for Parliament is rigorously questioned as to his views on the suffrage question. Over six hundred women have gone to prison for various acts of violence and illegality connected with the cause and many of them have refused when in prison to take food and have been subjected, without repining, to the unpleasantness of being fed by force.

What has been the effect of these tactics?—tactics pursued with an ability, enthusiasm, and daring never exceeded by men? I think it may fairly be said that since they adopted militant methods the women suffragists have won half the battle. That is to say, they have compelled the country and the House of Commons to attend to them and to discuss their demands in a serious and chastened spirit. There is no flippancy in a Parliamentary debate on woman suffrage nowadays; there is no indifference, but, on the contrary, the keenest interest, in the attitude of the public toward the question or at least toward its exponents. People have been shocked, startled, repelled, and disgusted even, by the new tactics, but they can no longer pretend to ignore a movement on behalf of which so many hundred women have gone to prison without bravado or regrets—least of all when they find the movement supported by women of all classes, trades, and professions, by the mill hands of Lancashire as fervently as by Newnham and Girton graduates; when they see it rapidly extending its operations, adding to its resources, and enlisting the backing of many of the country's foremost men; and when they observe it entering more and more into the calculations of responsible political strategists. In 1905 there were only three organizations working for the woman's vote; to-day there are twenty-one. On the nature of the case they make out I need hardly touch. The arguments for woman's suffrage are very much the same in all countries. Everything that can be said on the philosophy of the question has long ago been said. It is a subject the pros and cons of which have been as thoroughly explored as the pros and cons of vegetarianism. True to their national bias in favor of the concrete, the English suffragists rather neglect the merely theoretical side of their cause and lay the greatest stress on its tangible and material aspects. More perhaps in Great Britain than anywhere else is the movement for the political enfranchisement of women a by-product of those great economic and social changes which within the last century have made woman less and less the dependant upon man and more and more his equal and competitor. This has given it a spirit of business-like unreality somewhat lacking to the propaganda in other countries. It has also had the effect of making it a matter of intimate concern to the women of the working classes. You do not in England hear the suffragists talking very much about "natural rights" or democratic principles or the injustice of taxation without representation. They do not ignore these points or the conclusions to which they lead, but neither do they ignore them. What they are far more concerned in pressing home is that there are certain specific disabilities under which women suffer in England and certain specific reforms which, if they had the vote, they believe they could accomplish. The legal inequalities attaching to women in England, restrictions placed upon them but not upon men in various trades and professions, the various definite problems of women's work and wages, education, temperance, factory legislation, housing reform, sanitation, and so on—these are the matters that the suffragists place the most emphasis upon. Whether in asking for the vote they carry with them the majority of their own sex is very doubtful. I rather get the impression that in England, as in America, the bulk of the women are apathetic and indifferent, and that of the remainder a considerable majority are vehemently in favor of it and a small minority somewhat less vehemently opposed to it. As for the men, few of them realize the seriousness of the movement or the effects it is likely to produce in such a country as Great Britain. Before another half-decade has gone by they may have plenty of opportunities for informing themselves on both these points.





Tableaux of Noted Women of History

GIVEN UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE EQUAL FRANCHISE SOCIETY
AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE, NEW YORK, ON JANUARY 17



CATHERINE OF RUSSIA
POSED BY MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD

CATHERINE of Russia should be remembered for three things: first, because she was a great ruler, able to govern her state, command her armies, and consider the misery of her people. Second, because she introduced vaccination into Russia in spite of the

opposition of the clergy and nobility, and the ignorance of the serfs. And finally, because she had the freedom of spirit to consult the greatest philosopher of the day, the much-maligned, bitterly misunderstood Voltaire, concerning her own educa-

tion and the education of those governing with her. The fact that the Empress of Russia thought that it was possible for a ruler to be taught anything compelled other crowned heads to pause and consider something besides their divine right.



DISCOVERY OF RADIUM,
OR MADAME CURIE IN
HER LABORATORY

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH. POSED
BY MRS. ARCILIBALD MACKAY



MOLLY PITCHER

POSED BY MRS. PEARCE BAILEY



MRS. SIDDONS

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY REYNOLDS. POSED BY MRS. FREDERICK NATHAN



THE little, shy, marvellous woman whose discovery revolutionized all previously held ideas of physical science, who gave the world a totally new theory of scientific conception, "the cleverest woman in the world," who shrank from every honor thrust upon her,—what fine, clear-lined, quiet-colored pictures one gets of her all along her life!

She is a little girl, with no doll, cleaning her father's instruments in the Warsaw laboratory.

She is a governess in a Russian family, travelling much,—the little alien Pole with the blue eyes, noticed by nobody, absorbing the world.

She is again in Warsaw, the young patriot, lifting her head at the very thought of her country.

She is in Paris studying, living on fifty centimes a day. She teaches and lectures.

She is given eleven perfect years with the man whose greatness enhances hers. Fame comes, and they would hide from it, with the two children.

And now, though he is so tragically dead, she works on, alone, in the same service, for the wonderful thing that means—who yet knows what?—to the world.



SARAH SIDDONS was born in 1755 and died in 1831. She proved, as have many others in her profession, that the stage is a medium for men and women to find an equal chance of expression.

Of course an actress is never anything but an interpreter, yet it is possible for such women as Mrs. Siddons, Adrienne Lecouvreur, and Rachel to crystallize an author's vision so completely that dramatic art is uplifted, people are compelled to think, and the world is better for the drama.

The stage gives an opportunity to women which they have used well. After all, as Mill has said: "It is the second-rate people of the two sexes that are unlike. The first-rate are alike in both."



THE name of Molly Pitcher is inseparably connected with the battle of Monmouth, and the scene which made her immortal is shown in the bas-relief on the monument since erected on the battle-field.

Molly was engaged in carrying water from a spring for her husband, who was a cannoneer. The thirst of the soldiers was torturing, for the thermometer stood at ninety-eight in the shade, and the patriotic woman was kept busy.

While thus employed she saw her husband fall. She ran to his help, but he was dead when she reached his side. At that moment an officer ordered the gun to be removed, because he could spare no one to serve it. Molly asked that she might be allowed to take her dead husband's place. The officer assented, and she handled the gun with much skill and courage throughout the battle.

She was presented to Washington after the victory, and he not only complimented her, but made her a lieutenant, while Congress granted her half-pay for life.—From "The People's Standard History of the United States," by Edward Ellis.



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD

POSED BY MRS. CLARENCE H. MACKAY

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, daughter of William Nightingale, an English clergyman, was born in 1820.

In early womanhood she became interested in charitable work and the care of the sick. Being dissatisfied with the opportunities at home, and appreciating the advantages to be gained in Germany in the study of nursing, she entered the training-school at Kaiserswerth and took the course there.

At the outbreak of the Crimean War in 1854 she organized a corps of nurses and set out for the East.

Her work there, notably at the hospital at Scutari, revolutionized the care of the sick and wounded, instituting an era of humanity in what

had been one of the most frightful phases of war. Nothing in the history of nations has emphasized more strongly what can be accomplished by steadfast devotion, courage, and ability on the part of a single individual in the face of ignorant, not to say brutal, antagonism and prejudice. That what she did could be accomplished by a modest little woman is one of the greatest testimonials as to the place womanhood should occupy in the nation.

Here is the responsibility for the splendid corps of nurses that make our modern hospitals what they are. Here is the example that has led our women to forsake their homes of ease and minister to our sick in the camps of pestilence.

What would have become of our soldiers at Camp Alger, dying like flies through the ignorance of an inadequate Medical and Quartermaster Department, if it had not been for the nurses, some from our hospitals here in New York, who, transcending the stupid red tape of the government, broke open the cases of supplies and medicines to feed and treat the sick and dying?

It needs the spirit and devotion of womanhood to soar above the stupid conventionality of the male, to purify our policies, to stimulate the humanities.

Why should not the uplifting spirit of the home be that of the nation?



MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT
AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY OPIE. POSED BY
MRS. BOURKE COCKRAN



INSIDE THE HOME—EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
ARRANGED BY MRS. WENDELL T. BUSH FOR THE WOMEN'S
POLITICAL UNION

This picture, which is in contrast to that at the bottom of this page, requires no comment



HYPATIA
POSED BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT was born in 1759 and died in 1797; a brief period into which the years crowded the whole gamut of human emotion.

She dared to write her vindication of the rights of woman, in spite of the violent and unanimous criticism of all sorts and kinds of people. Hers is the great phrase: "If children would be educated to understand the true spirit of patriotism, their mother must be a patriot."

Her first emotional experience came late to her and was one of the cruelest tests a woman has ever passed through. She could not marry her lover because he was an American. She was an Englishwoman. They were living in Paris at the time of the Revolution and there was no law which enabled them to be united. She considered her union with Imlay a marriage; so did her friends. When Imlay forsook her and left her

to care for his child she faced her ordeal with the strength of a stoic, in silence, without a word of reproach. She went back to England and supported and educated her child.

Presently she met William Godwin and their friendship soon ripened into love. She married Godwin and was completely happy during the short time she lived with him.

Mary Wollstonecraft died when her daughter was born.

BORN in the latter part of the fourth century in Alexandria, Hypatia proved by her concentrated and sustained mental activity what wise and normal training can do for woman's real intellectual achievement.

She not only had the freedom of soul to teach in the strongest philosophical schools opposed to Christianity, but she was able to record her wisdom, ranging from astronomy and geometry to logic and history.

Her spirit was brave enough to live alone; the love for her father was her only inspiration. She preached her gospel because she believed in the brotherhood of man. She felt the wings of the Zeitgeist casting their shadow over Alexandria.

The only way for her opponents to silence her was by murdering her in their church as a sacrifice before the altar of their god.



OUTSIDE THE FACTORY—TWENTIETH CENTURY

ARRANGED BY MRS. A. F. TOWNSEND, FOR THE WOMEN'S POLITICAL UNION



CORNELIA AND THE GRACCHI

POSED BY MISS INEZ MILHOLLAND AND THE TWO SONS OF MRS. PEARCE BAILEY



CORNELIA, daughter of one soldier and wife of another, lived in Rome in the second century B. C. We know of her wisdom, of her virtue, of her dignity, but we venerate her especially because even to-day, through the vista of the centuries, we hear her voice speaking that still living expression of maternal love, "These are my jewels and my ornaments."
Even that golden, glittering society of ancient Rome could not silence the voice of that mother. Only what is real endures.



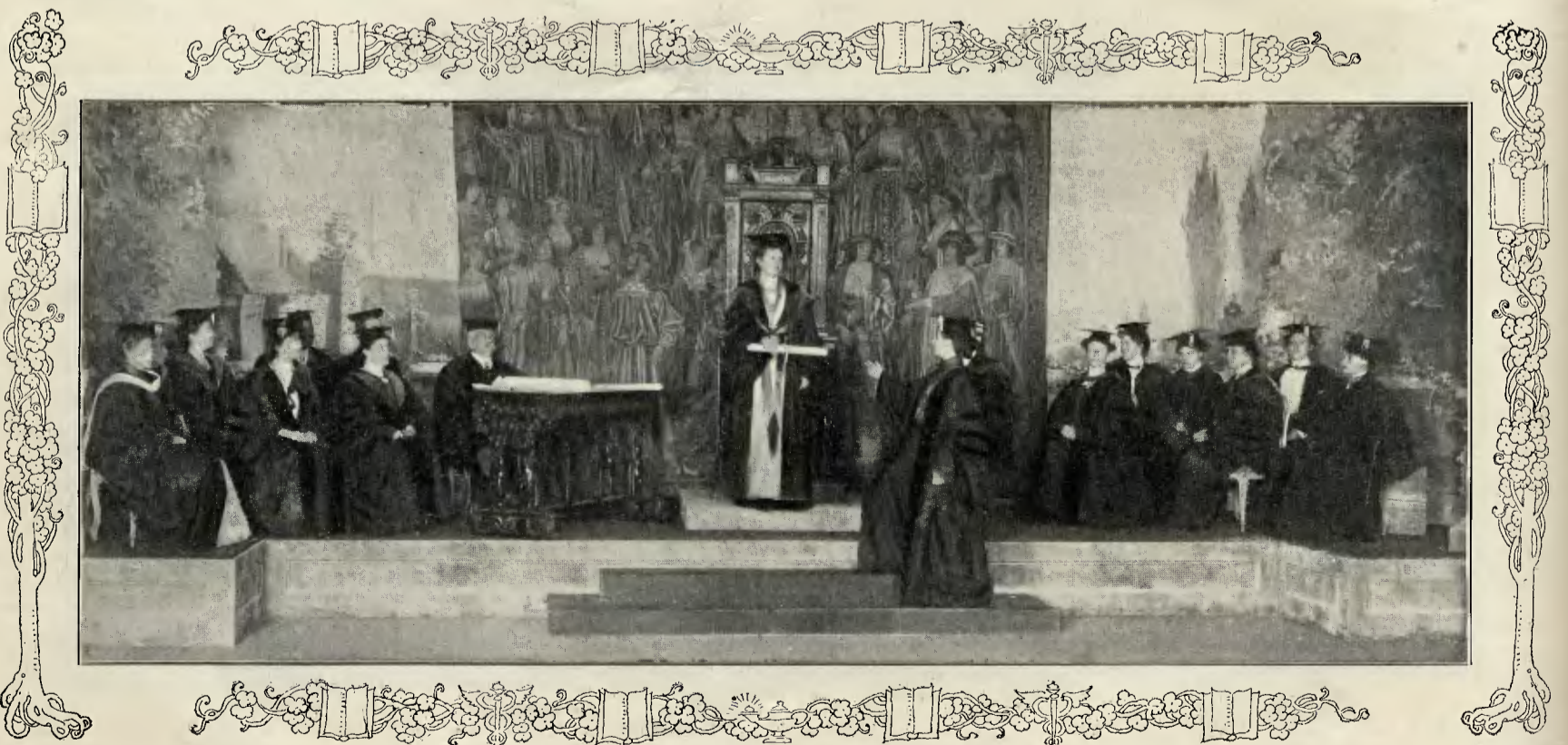


GODDESS OF LIBERTY

POSED BY MRS. JAMES A. STILLMAN

THE eager hours and unreluctant years
 As on a dawn-illuminated mountain stood,
 Trampling to silence their loud hopes and fears,
 Darkening each other with their multitude,
 And cried aloud, "Liberty!" Indignation
 Answered Pity from her cave;
 Death grew pale within the grave,
 And Desolation howled to the destroyer, Save!
 When Heaven's Sun girt by the exhalation
 Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise,
 Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation
 Like shadows: as if day had cloven the skies
 At dreaming midnight o'er the western wave,
 Men started, staggering with a glad surprise,
 Under the lightnings of thine unfamiliar eyes.

P. B. SHELLEY.



THE CONFERRING OF DEGREES

POSED BY THE COLLEGE EQUAL SUFFRAGE LEAGUE

THIS picture shows the kingdom of woman as she is making it for herself to-day: direct, responsible expression, in every walk of life where she can earn her

living and use her brain with honor and with dignity, as is becoming to her sex. This picture was intended to be in contrast to that

shown on page 25, representing the Court of Love, with the vision of indirect and emotional inspiration.



QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA

AFTER THE PAINTING BY KAULBACH. POSED BY MISS DOROTHY HARVEY

LOUISE of Prussia was born in 1776 and died in 1810. The story of her life is very simple and very sweet, for here was a woman who found her happiness within her own home, by her own fireside, with her dearly beloved husband and children. The fact that she was Queen was never a barrier between her and her people. The influence of her character penetrated everywhere, and the memory of it is alive even to-day in every German home.

The times in which Louise lived were full of grave problems. She met each one in turn, with her husband, and always looked toward the ultimate good of their people rather than her own political power.

Louise was able to meet and face and almost conquer Napoleon. With all her gentleness she knew no fear.

No queen has left a purer record than she.



MADAME ROLAND

THE WOMAN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. POSED BY MRS. ETHEL WATTS GRANT

MADAME ROLAND was born in 1754, and was murdered in 1793. She came to Paris from the provinces with all the enthusiasm of youth, all the power of the woman who believes in her mission. She endeavored to find expression through her husband by giving her brain unstintingly to his work, by letting him speak her thoughts, read her letters, and always allowing the world to believe it was Roland who was the wise statesman, not his wife.

She did not get on with the courtiers or the great ladies. But when the Gironde started, and Condorcet, Danton, Robespierre, Brissot, and our own Thomas Paine began to think through the great problem of France's misery, she welcomed these men to hold their meetings in her drawing-room.

In her we see the spirit of the Generation, crying out for mercy against the yoke of Custom, reaching aloft to touch the crown of Freedom.



THE COURT OF LOVE

WOMAN'S KINGDOM AS MAN MADE IT FOR HER. POSED BY THE COLLEGE EQUAL SUFFRAGE LEAGUE

SONNET

WELCOME, ye dames of modern day,
To wile a wing'd hour away,
When demoiselle and damoiseau
Flirted, and loved, a fleur-de-peau.

Delicious, daring, delicate,
With half a laugh at baffled Fate,
Here *Cœur de Lion* rhymed his praise,
Here Blondel sang his sweetest lays,

Unrivalled, till a student's song
Ontwitted them and worked them wrong,
When Bérenger, the boy, became
Unmasked—a golden love-locked dame!
For when the *Court of Love* held sway,
A woman ever had her way.

Love, lord of ritornelle and rhyme,
Holds in his dimpled fist all time.
Custom and costumes change and pass,
But not the heart of lad or lass.

To-day within the lists, revised,
We women tilt all undisguised,
We crown the conqueror, beguile
The obstinate with sigh or smile.

We point the pathway toward the light,
World's peace, world's freedom, life's delight.
Good friend, bear well this truth in mind:
In every century you'll find,
Whatever Court of men holds sway,
A woman's wish shall win the day.

G. CONSTANT LOUNSBERY.



ST. ELIZABETH

POSED BY MISS CHARLOTTE TELLER

ELIZABETH of Thuringia lived in the twelfth century. She was brought up on and surrounded by the luxuries, such as they were, commanded by the purse of the feudal aristocracy. She was continually shielded and directed into the easiest way of living. In spite of these barriers, her heart and soul felt the misery throbbing beneath her castle walls. Alone, and in secret, she had the courage to go down among the hungry and the sick, and give them unstintingly from her sweet, tender charity. Those with whom she lived did not want what she had to give.

Perhaps the miracle story of the basket of bread transformed into roses was true. But no tale of enchantment is necessary to enhance the beauty of that noble woman's courage in daring to think and feel and act for herself in spite of the black cruelty and selfishness of those with whom she dwelt.

J

V



MARCHING ON TO SUFFRAGE

Three thousand women, headed by pipers, marched down Fifth Avenue, New York, from Fifty-seventh Street to Union Square, on Saturday, May 6th, in demonstration of their desire for the suffrage. Banners and allegorical floats lent a spectacular element to the procession, which was heartily cheered by crowds along the route

The March of 3,000 Women

THE GREAT PARADE BY WHICH THE WOMEN OF NEW YORK EMPHASIZED THEIR DEMAND FOR VOTERS' POWERS

By Bertha Damaris Knobe

WHAT the cartoonist characterizes as the "petticoat pageant" in New York last week—that splendid spectacle of 3,000 "suffragettes" on parade—was the cleverly contrived advertisement of a militant campaign. It took courage—and \$5,000. Its inspiration was Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, whose illustrious mother, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, shared the contumely of calling the first woman's-rights convention in the world sixty years ago.

The parade proved to the women themselves that they are in fine fighting trim. Their tactics, for the present, are to do picturesque performances to impress the man in the street—that politically endowed person who went to the parade to scoff and remained to cheer—and everlastingly to "pester" the unfriendly politician into doing things for woman's suffrage. Indeed,

the day of the polite appeal is past, for the "suffragette" has put on the war-paint; and no sooner had the fair paraders furlled their brilliant banners than they took the next train to Albany to lay siege to the legislators who had buried their suffrage bill in committee—the same old woman-franchise funeral they have diplomatically conducted for many years.

Undoubtedly the representative women who marched to the martial music of five bands down fashionable Fifth Avenue, flanked by tens of thousands of spectators, made a tremendous impression. It was the first big woman's-suffrage procession in America. It brought the curious masculine sex to the curbstone, at any rate; and, excepting the young rowdies who attempted to entangle the ankles of the woman-doctor delegation from Johns Hopkins by throwing ticker-tape into the street, and to interrupt a speaker in one of the fifteen automobiles stationed in Union Square—in each instance the police promptly intervened—there happened none of the ridicule or ribaldry which these pioneer paraders half expected. Curiously enough, the two hundred men in the "husbands' section"—that splendid body headed by Professor John Dewey of Columbia University, Mr. Frederick Nathan, and Mr. James Lees Laidlaw—were hooted from one end of the Avenue to the other. After the parade Mrs. Blatch said, "The real martyrs to-day were the men"—but the men, who were wildly cheered by their wives and sweethearts preceding them in the parade, as they approached Union Square, looked pleased enough with their martyrdom.



Speakers in Union Square (left to right): Mrs. Brown, Mme. Gregori, Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch



The crowd listening to the speakers in Union Square



Miss Milholland, Miss McPike, and Miss Alberta Hill heading the procession with their inscribed banner



Mrs. Fitzgerald speaking after the parade



The division of college girls from Barnard



Mrs. Leigh French in her papier-mache sedan chair



LONDON SEES A FANCY-DRESS PARADE OF WOMEN SUFFRAGISTS

ONE FEATURE IN THE MONSTER PARADE OF WOMEN SUFFRAGISTS WHICH WAS HELD RECENTLY IN LONDON WAS A PROCESSION REPRESENTATIVE OF FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE PAST. THIS MAY HAVE BEEN THE LAST OF THESE DEMONSTRATIONS, SINCE THE PRESENT SUMMER WILL PROBABLY WITNESS THE COMPLETE VICTORY OF THE WOMEN'S CAUSE IN ENGLAND

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THE MILITANT RECRUIT

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



HAVING A BULLY TIME

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

MARCHING FOR SUFFRAGE

THE REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATION IN NEW YORK LAST WEEK WHEN 15,000 WOMEN OF ALL STATIONS IN LIFE MARCHED THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE METROPOLIS TO EXPRESS THEIR DEMAND FOR THE VOTE



Some of the women riders who led the procession. There were half a hundred of these horsewomen in the parade



The portable rostrums. Orators carrying the boxes from which they addressed the crowds along the line of march

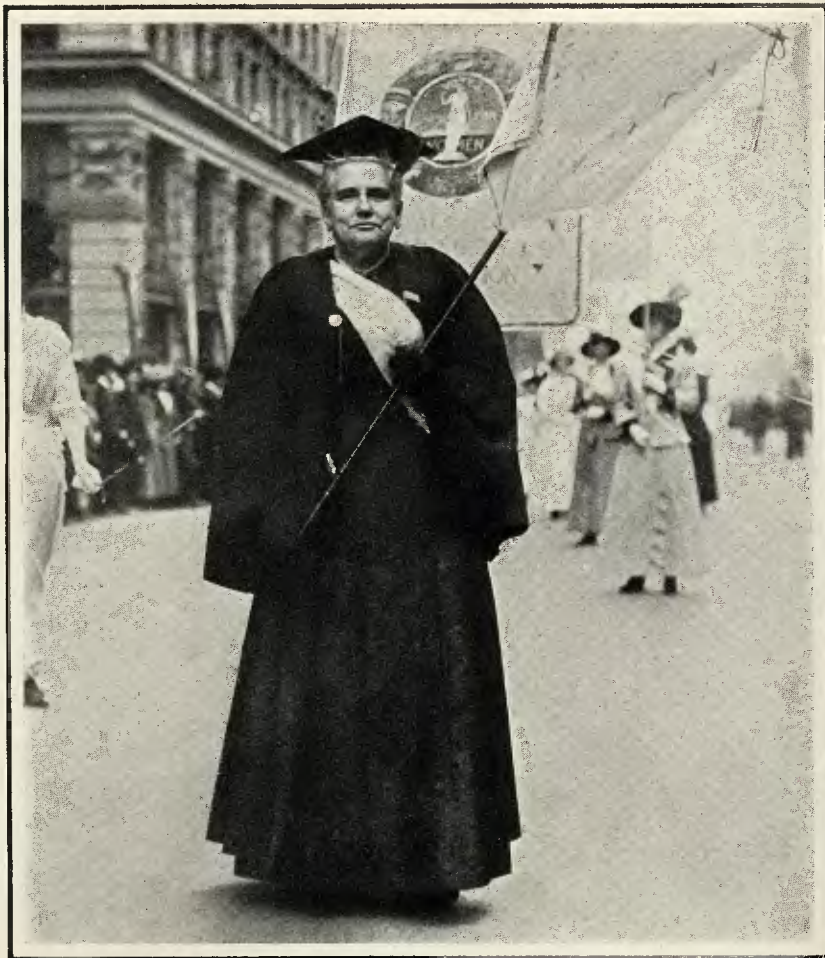


ON THE MARCH FOR SUFFRAGE

LAST WEEK'S GREAT PARADE OF EQUAL-FRANCHISE ENTHUSIASTS ON WAY UP FIFTH AVENUE BEFORE A GATHERING OF 500,000 ONLOOKERS



Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch



The Rev. Anna Shaw

TWO DISTINGUISHED CHAMPIONS OF THE CAUSE



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood

America's most venerable suffragist: The Rev. Antoinette Blackwell, who is eighty-six years old



The marshals and their assistants assembling in Washington Square preparatory to the march up-town



The male contingent. 619 men heroically joined their women folk upon the march. In last year's parade only 94 men marched



One of the younger generation

PARADING FOR THE CAUSE

IN JAIL WITH THE SUFFRAGETTES

BY MARY MORTIMER MAXWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT



She went and broke one of the finest bits of plate-glass in the most fashionable shopping district



THESE are the days of prison privileges for the Suffragettes, and those of us who have friends behind the bars feel once a week as though we had young sisters away at boarding-school; because once a week comes Parcel Day, when we send them "goodies" to eat, or what the English schoolboy calls "tuck."

I have just been making up such a parcel for my friend Henrietta, who is "doing" four months. I love Henrietta, though I don't approve of all the things she does. The fact is, I said to her, "Don't go window-breaking, Henrietta; we'll get the vote without that!" and then she straightway went and broke one of the finest bits of plate-glass in the most fashionable shopping district of London.

Into Henrietta's parcel I have put a roast chicken with some sprigs of water-cress and some radishes; an expensive *pâté de foie gras* with truffles; a whole angel cake, which I made myself and chose because it weighs so lightly—for I must tell you that prison parcels must not weigh more than eleven pounds. I also put in Henrietta's parcel a large packet of a pre-digested American cereal food; a box of raisins which I had previously cooked and then dried; a bit of grated nutmeg; half a pound of sugar; and then a recipe for making a pudding of all these ingredients by the mere pouring on of some of the hot milk which is given daily to each prisoner who chooses the prison vegetarian diet. Henrietta is not a vegetarian, but before she went to prison she told me she should take the vegetarian diet as the lesser of two evils. I have put oranges and American candies into Henrietta's parcel, too, because, knowing of her fondness for what she calls "sweets," I had some sent to me from New York for the very purpose. There is whole-strawberry jam in the parcel, and I have prepared a large jar of chocolate for drinking. I mixed the chocolate with sugar and condensed milk, then boiled it to a thick paste, so she can make herself a cup of delicious cocoa by taking a tablespoonful of the mixture and mixing it with hot milk. One hears that in prison the cocoa and the tea are made in the same pot, which gives each of these beverages a peculiar flavor, and is the reason I have remembered to provide this chocolate.

And now, having got the parcel off, I have just rung up Henrietta's husband on the telephone, telling him of all the dainties I have sent her. He groans over the wires and says,

"Don't you think we'll be able to get her out before her term expires in July?"

"Doubtful," I answer, "unless there's something the matter with her heart, and that didn't transpire even when she was on the 'hunger-strike.'"

"There's something the matter with my heart, anyway," he wails back; and so there is, poor man! He loves Henrietta, and he'd give her the vote just as he'd give her the moon or anything else she wanted, if he could. He doesn't believe in breaking windows, but Henrietta does, and there you have it.

It was about the first of March that Henrietta and about three hundred other women from every grade of society got "sent up." They got two, three, four, and six months' imprisonment, according to the expensiveness of their breakings and according to whether they were first or old offenders. Some were given "hard labor." Now, some of the old offenders had been in prison last November when Mr. Winston Churchill, then Home Secretary, had extended to them the "privileges" of political prisoners. They wore their own clothes, had their own books, had one letter in and one out every fortnight, also a visitor (they might have three visitors at the same time, if they desired, a wardress being present, of course). They were allowed to receive parcels of food whenever they desired, or, if they preferred, they could have their meals sent in from a restaurant.

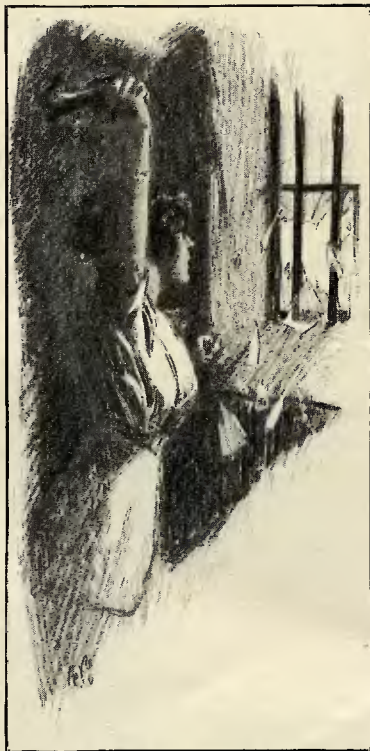
But between the November raid and the March raid, the Home Office secretaryship changed hands, and when Mr. Reginald McKenna took Mr. Churchill's place, he made up his mind that he would solve the Suffragette question once and for all by putting the women back where they were when they first began raiding six years ago—that is, to the status of ordinary criminals. To make it more difficult for them

to strike he decided that they should not all be sent to Holloway, but be divided into three groups, one for Holloway, one for Aylesbury, and one for Birmingham. When the Suffragettes had all been sentenced, he sent a message to Holloway, "Put them in prison clothes," and back went a pertinent message from the matron, "Impossible!" Nothing more was done about taking away the clothes of the Suffragettes at any of the prisons, but, with that exception, all privileges were denied them, though rumor has it that the authorities were allowed to be rather lax about applying all the rules. The Suffragettes, however, had no food except prison food, they could have no books, could only be allowed to receive and send out a letter after they had been there two months, and were to be allowed no visitors till that time had expired. They had exercise but once a day.

Those who had been condemned to "hard labor" had none given them to do. All that was asked of them was a little light sewing, and I believe there was no disposition on the part of the matron or wardresses to "count the stitches" which the Suffragette prisoner put into her sewing. She was allowed to turn out a small or a large number of stitches according as the whim seized her, and what is known as "associated labor" was allowed. This means that each Suffragette condemned to "hard labor" was allowed to sit outside her cell-door sewing, and while she sewed she was able to speak to her nearest companions. When the Suffragettes felt like it, they shouted the one to the other and the wardresses calmly hustled them, whereupon the Suffragettes would shout again. They made it known that they had no intention of keeping prison rules.

But this state of things continued only a few weeks. The Suffragettes were under the rules governing common criminals, though they did not keep the rules, and there was no apparent intention to deal too harshly with them; but they objected to being obliged to put themselves in a continual state of rebellion. They did not ask for remission or shortening of their sentences, but they demanded their rights as political offenders. They sent their petitions to the governors of the prisons, who in turn sent the petitions to the Home Secretary, yet no answers came; and then throughout their ranks at Holloway and Aylesbury went the word "Hunger-Strike!" That meant to refuse all food until they were accorded the "privileges." For three days in one prison and five days in another the women went without food, refusing even so much as a glass of milk. Out into the prison yards they threw the food that was brought to their cells, calling the birds to their hands to feed from the crumbs, and the pigeons of Holloway had a glorious feast of hard-boiled eggs. This was before they let the authorities know they were striking. Resolutely they held out for a time, going to chapel, doing their bit of sewing, as though they had full instead of empty stomachs. Their eyes grew big, their heads ached, their limbs weakened.

Then they decided to let it be known that they were striking, so they left all food upon the trays; and then came the governor, then the doctors, then the rubber tubes, then forcible feeding through the mouth and the nose. Still the women resisted food, some of them fortifying themselves behind the little cell tables and beds, and refusing to come out for the feeding. And in less than a week the result was that some of them were suddenly released as being victims of "heart



The breaking of windows does not end when a Suffragette is sent to prison

trouble," and then as suddenly spread the news, both inside and outside the prison, that Mr. McKenna had granted the "privileges." Then came peace and quiet in Holloway and Aylesbury.

Now, once a fortnight, we who have friends imprisoned hear from or of them. The prisoner chooses the one person to whom she will write—her husband, mother, sister, brother, sweetheart, friend. She also chooses whose letter (if numbers write to her) she will receive. Of course, all outgoing and incoming letters are read by the prison authorities. The governor or matron will say to a prisoner, "Letters have come to you from your husband, your mother, your brother, your friend, Miss Almira Jones, and your cook. Which one will you choose to have? The others must be returned to the senders." So the prisoner chooses, without knowing the contents of any of the letters. Then in answering the one letter she may send messages to any of her friends.

In her replies a prisoner must not tell any prison news of an unpleasant nature. Should she say: "I was put in a punishment cell last Sunday," "My cell is very cold, and the hot-water pipes have no heat," "The prison bread is atrocious," or "The little young chaplain censored the book you sent me on *Thoughts for Married Women*, he being of opinion that it is improper reading for me—who really might almost be his grandmother—so he has refused to let me have it!" her letter will be returned to her as being unfit for sending out, and she must needs write another one couched in more innocent-sounding phrases. So, too, the prisoners' friends outside must not, in their communications, tell them any news of passing events, and they are not allowed, even with the privileges, to receive newspapers.

With the granting of the "privileges" the Suffragettes now have exercise twice a day. Some time ago the hint leaked out from Holloway that they wanted to play football, yet, naturally enough, the prison authorities did not see their way to supplying them with a ball. But one day a ball made its appearance on the prison ground. Nobody asked how it got there. It was simply there! And since there was no rule that a ball found in the grounds must be taken away from them, they were allowed to play with it till one day, in an excess of athletic energy, a lady of a family to which belong numerous titles kicked it over the very walls of the prison grounds. In a day or two another ball was made in the somewhat original fashion of winding tightly many strips of muslin about a particularly hard apple. The Suffragettes, never at a loss for finding means to an end, grow peculiarly acute and inventive in prison. Some of them have already manufactured an artistic and useful tennis set with rackets from umbrellas and parasols.

It is in the recreation ground that the prisoners find the greatest amount of freedom which can be allowed in prison, for there they can act in concert. There it is that strikes are decided upon and "conspiracies" hatched. These, however, belonged to the days before they got their "privileges." It was in the recreation ground that, while they were on "remand" in March, they noticed that Mrs. Pankhurst, who had already been sentenced, did not join them. To the wardress in charge of them they called out, "Where is Mrs. Pankhurst?" At first there was no answer, but later they learned that Mrs. Pankhurst, being sentenced, was not to be allowed to exercise with them; for, though they had not denied window-breaking, the law considered them innocent till they were found guilty, and there was a rule at the prison that condemned prisoners should not associate with those on remand.

The insinuation that their beloved leader could contaminate them enraged them. At first they refused to return to their cells, and many wardresses were required to drive them back into the prison. Suddenly, after they were all locked in, and supposed to be safe for the night, there went forth a mighty cry from cell to cell as scores of Suffragettes smashed their cell-windows. A few days later, with windows repaired, each one of the smashers was condemned to solitary confinement for seven days.

It will be seen that the breaking of windows does not end when a Suffragette is sent to prison. To break a window is her method of protesting against various injustices, or what she deems a wrong. When the Suffragettes first began to go to prison a few years ago they found all the cell-windows hermetically sealed. Ventilation there was, to be sure, but it was only by means of ventilators let into the prison walls, and the air that came in through them was neither fresh nor clean—it was smoky, dusty, and soot-laden. Now the Suffragettes belong to that type of English-woman that demands to "live in the open," and even in prison they had no intention of stopping behind sealed windows. When they complained, they were informed that cell-windows made to open and shut were "without precedent," whereupon they at once established another precedent by breaking their windows. Now, a new kind of window has appeared in Holloway and in the other prisons. Not only the Suffragette prisoners but the ordinary prisoners have windows that open.



The women resisted food, some of them fortifying themselves behind the little cell tables and beds

This is only one of the improvements the Suffragettes have introduced into English prisons. At one time there was "hard labor," such as picking oakum, which meant nothing except to keep the prisoners busy. Now there is no labor except that which is useful. Formerly all labor was solitary, for it was considered good, according to the Du Cane theory, to keep the prisoners apart from one another in order that the more hardened criminals might not contaminate the others. But now there is a large, airy workroom for the ordinary women prisoners. It was through the complaints of the Suffragettes, too, that finally all the women prisoners of England obtained a comfortable shoe. The Suffragettes, who at first

wore prison clothing, endured for a time the horrible nail-pierced, elm-sy boots, though many of them had, of course, been accustomed to boots and shoes of the finest sort. They remembered this when they complained about the boots. They did not say, "These shoes are not fit for us to wear!" They said, "They are not fit for any human being!" And now one finds fairly decent shoes in Holloway.

As I have said, the women prisoners continued to wear the prison clothes for a time. Skins accustomed only to the finest of silk and lisle chafed against the coarse-grained, unbleached muslins provided for undergarments. Women whose corsets and gowns had been made by the smartest tailors and corsetières of Bond Street wore strange-setting "prison waists" and brown, shapeless basques and skirts, some too long, some too short, all either too large or too small for their figures. Stockings that marked and chafed their legs and feet were worn garterless, so that as they walked, with no means of holding them up, their stockings hung over their boot-tops and sometimes to the ground, tripping them. Indeed, one of the items of dress-reform that the Suffragettes have not yet been able to introduce for the ordinary prisoners is the garter.

There came a day when the Suffragettes declared in concert, "No more prison dress for us! We will wear our own clothes!" On that day dozens of them are reported to have lain abed in their cells, and, when summoned by the wardresses, they demanded that their own clothes, stowed away in parcels to await their release, be given to them. Being refused their clothes, they stopped abed till there was an attempt made to dress each Suffragette by the concerted action of four wardresses. One against four was indeed uneven, so that each Suffragette was again dressed in prison garments, but each one, left in her cell, tore off her clothes and later sat upon the edge of her bed wrapped in a bed-blanket. Lest the hateful things should again be put upon them, many a brown dress and many an unbleached "combination" was torn to strips. Punishment came in the form of solitary confinement, sometimes in the punishment-cell, which by some is said to be infested with red-eyed rats and other abominations; but in the end the ordinary clothes of the Suffragettes were given to them.

With such a history of rebellion against prison fashions, is it any wonder that, when in March the Home Secretary's command went forth to robe the Suffragettes in prison clothes again, the answer went back, "Impossible"?

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The Photoplay—A New Kind of Drama

By Clara F. Beranger



THE development of the cinematograph has been followed by a comparatively new form of literature—the photoplay. A great majority of the people who visit the moving-picture theaters have no conception of the various processes that go to make up the finished product which they see on the screen. They do not

realize that a play has to be written, acted, and directed, before the pictures can be taken; and it is the writing of these plays that has given birth to a new class of writers—the photoplaywrights.

The ideal photoplay is the play in which the action is so clearly developed that it explains itself. To accomplish this, the photoplaywright uses the literary form commonly called the scenario, which is the action described scene by scene, in detail. The cast of characters, with a pithy description of each, follows. Occasionally the writer will give a scene-plot telling the number of scenes and their nature. All this aids the editor to tell at a glance the character of the story that he is handling. If it meets with his approval, and happens to suit his particular needs, he goes on to read the detailed scenes—the scenario proper. It is here that the real power of the photoplaywright shows itself.

A scenario to cover the required amount of film should run from fifteen to thirty scenes, the length of

the scenario being determined by the standard of film used—the thousand-foot reel. A scenario of from fifteen to thirty scenes should cover a full reel that takes from fifteen to twenty minutes to project on the screen. The photoplaywright has to keep in mind—first, the limitations of the camera; second, the limitations of action without words; third, the limitations of the length of the film. If he can succeed in visualizing a good, clear, dramatic story that can be acted before the camera and understood by the public, and that fills the required length of film, he has produced a photoplay that the editor will accept and the public approve.

After a photoplay has been accepted, it goes into the hands of the dramatic director. In some cases, by his experience and technical knowledge of the business of the stage, he improves on the scenario, and produces a play stronger than the scenario called for. In others, he may attempt to introduce ideas of his own that conflict with the main idea of the writer—or he may, in order to fit the play to the length of film, increase or decrease certain scenes, or cut them out entirely, and thus injure the plot as the author conceived it. If it were possible for the photoplaywright to work in a studio where he could get an active working knowledge of the technique required in the production of his plays, if he could work hand in hand with the director, as does the playwright, it would mean a decided improvement in the general

tone of the plays produced. As it is, the director takes the script, assigns the parts to various members of his company, and plans the scenic effects and the costumes. He then rehearses each scene until the acting meets with his approval. After this the camera man is called in, and the pictures are taken.

The sources from which a photoplaywright draws his material are boundless. A number of the studios have their staff writers who photodramatize the old classics. This is a tremendous field that has not as yet been occupied, but every week the list of film releases shows a deeper delving into this literature.

Following the demand for a better class of plays comes a supply from a better class of writers, and a correspondingly higher scale of prices paid for the work. Formerly writers successful in other branches of literature would not enter this field because of the low standard of prices paid them for their work. Now it is not unusual to see advertised the name of some popular contemporary writer who has either written the scenario himself, or lent his work for photodramatization. Richard Harding Davis, James Whitcomb Riley, F. Hopkinson Smith, are some of the names that now appear on the screen. Actors and actresses of the legitimate stage are more and more being drawn into acting before the camera. The greatest example of this is the recent photographing of Madame Sarah Bernhardt and her company in their superb production of "Camille."



A comedy of love and votes which is credited with having secured numerous conversions to the woman suffrage cause



The final rehearsal of an office scene in the studio of a cinematograph company. The photographer is awaiting the signal to begin operations

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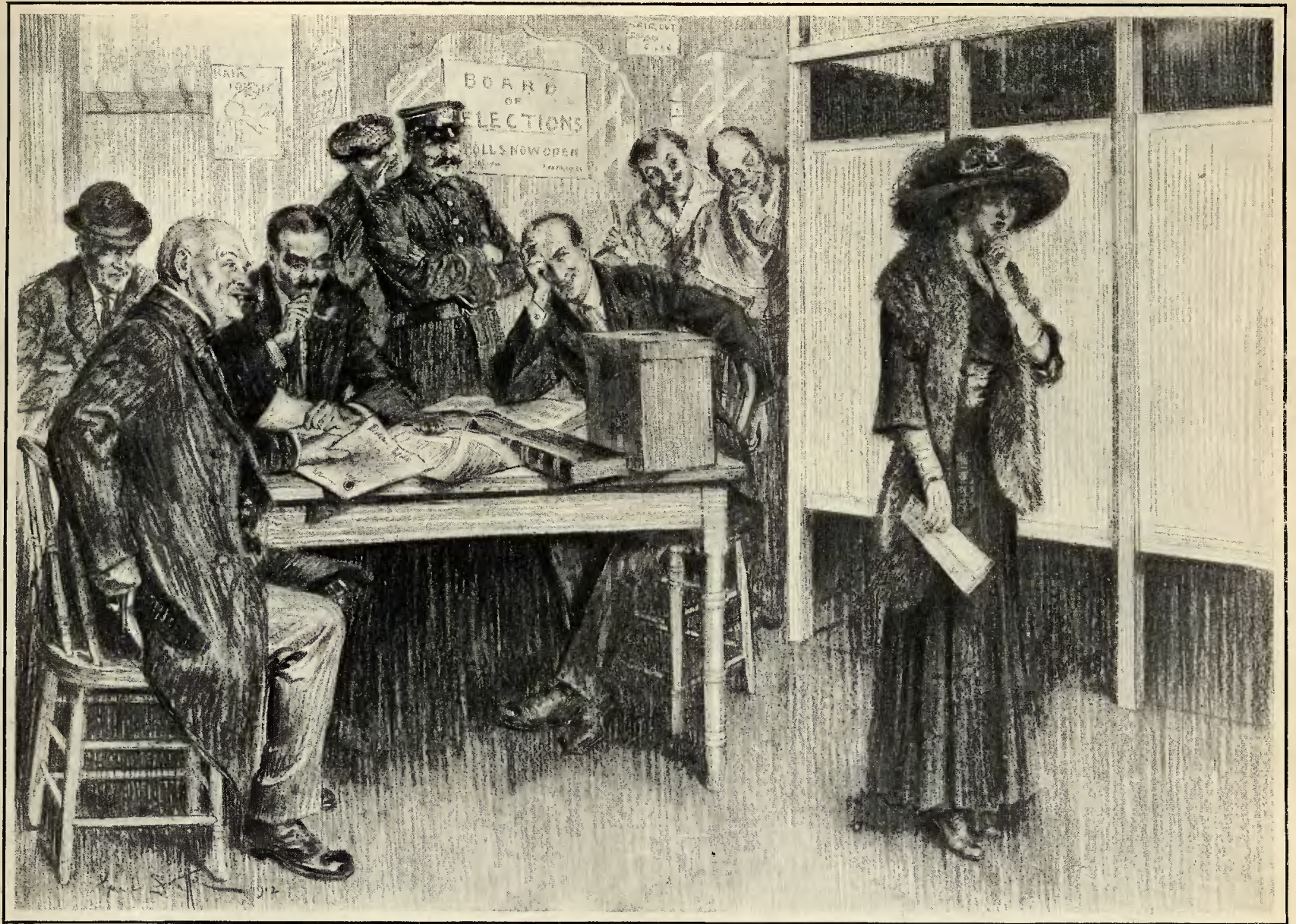


MUSHROOMS OR TOOLS?

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WOMEN IN POLITICS

The Entry of Women into the Political Field, in Emulation of their English Sisters, is one of the Notable Events of this Presidential Campaign

BY ANGLO-AMERICAN



ONE of the most interesting features of the present campaign, to a foreign onlooker at all events, is the large and effective part played in it by women. The women of America have plunged into it on an almost English scale of persistence and numbers; and among its many other claims to distinction the Presidential election of 1912 will always, I imagine, be remembered as marking the first incursion of American womanhood into national politics. I am well aware, of course, how much the anti-slavery movement owed to women, how they are the backbone of the Prohibitionist party, and how from time to time they have been conspicuous in the municipal risings that occasionally disturb the even tenor of American bossdom. But, speaking generally, on the normal every-day course of national politics and on the conduct of Presidential campaigns they have exercised hardly any influence at all. "If only one had suggested during the Presidential campaign of 1908," said the ablest of the New York papers the other day, "that in this Presidential year of 1912 women would take almost as prominent a part in the management of the campaign as the men, that each of the big political parties would have thoroughly organized women's bureaus, and, more marvelous still, that one of the big parties would unequivocally declare for woman's suffrage, and even go to the extent of electing women delegates-at-large to its national and State conventions as well as putting women on its national and State committees, that person would have been scoffed at if not actually called insane."

Yet all this has happened. For the first time the campaign managers have awakened to the fact that hitherto they have spurned, or at least have failed to utilize, the immensely powerful electioneering weapon that is represented by the enthusiasm, the organizing ability, and the unbreakable devotion which women throw into any cause that interests them. It is one of the very few points in which the tactics and strategy of political campaigning in America have fallen far below the English level of achievement. It looks, however, as though an effort were at length being made to fill the gap. The Bull-Moosers seem to be almost as much a women's party as a men's; and both the Republicans and the Democrats have openly sought and have been glad to avail themselves of the services and support of women. So far as an outsider can tell the American woman has not flocked into the Presidential arena primarily with the idea of getting the vote. She may or she may not be a suffragist; the true motive-power behind her present activities

seems to be a realization that such questions as the conditions of women and child labor, public health and sanitation, and "the high cost of living," not only interest women as much as men, but are more likely to be dealt with on sound lines if women study them and engage in public life and decline to rest passive any longer under the masculine monopoly of legislation.

Women in the United States have achieved their present spaciousness of freedom and opportunity quickly, as we reckon time in Europe, but not without a struggle. When the late Miss Susan B. Anthony began her crusade in the 'fifties, American women had their full share of disabilities. The masses of them were almost wholly uneducated. High schools as well as colleges were closed against them. Their appearance on public platforms was a social misdemeanor of the first order. Except as teachers or domestic servants they were virtually cut off from employment. The States had one and all excluded them from the suffrage. The wife had no legal existence. She could not own property, buy or sell, sue or be sued, make a contract, testify in court, or control her own wages. The father could apprentice young children without the mother's consent, and dispose of them by will at his death. There was but one cause for divorce, and the husband, though the guilty party, could retain the property and the children. Things have moved since then. Educationally, legally, and industrially there is to-day very little to choose between the status of women in America and the status of men. In the sphere of education matters have indeed proceeded so far that a foreigner like myself is tempted at times to wonder whether there may not be some danger of American culture becoming slightly effeminate. As for their civil and legal rights, women in America have little to complain of. In three-fourths of the States a married woman may own and control her separate property, and in all of them she may dispose of it by will, the same as a married man. In two-thirds of them her earnings are absolutely under her own control. In almost all of them she may make contracts and bring suit in the courts. The old laws of inheritance have been so changed that a widow is now in full possession of her rights. The divorce laws from Maine to California seem to be especially framed to meet the convenience and wishes of women. Industrially, too, women are equally favored. Broadly speaking, there is no occupation in which they may not engage with the full approval of the law and public opinion. Some eight millions of them work for a living, a large number of them in ways that admit not only of economic but of social independence. In the so-called professions, as teachers,

writers, lawyers, physicians, ministers, architects, and so on, more than half the total number employed are women. Philanthropic work has largely passed into their hands; without them nine-tenths of the American churches would have to close; their clubs and organizations and mutual improvement societies cover every inch of the continent; and socially they are supreme with a supremacy such as the European woman can only marvel at from afar.

But to the amazement of all Europeans, and especially of all Englishmen, this umbrageous feminine domination of things social, artistic, philanthropic, religious, educational, and so on, has hitherto been unaccompanied by any corresponding influence in the sphere of politics. Neither American women individually nor the sex collectively carry anything like the same weight in the public life of the United States as they bear in England. Five or six States have, it is true, given them the vote; but I make bold to say that Englishwomen exert already a hundred times more influence on British affairs and on British statesmen, even though they have no Parliamentary vote, than American women are likely to exert for a century to come. The whole British scheme of things is so organized as to make politics and society, on the higher levels at any rate, virtually identical. It is this that gives Englishwomen their pre-eminent chance. It is the absence of this, it is the separation of politics from society, that to Europeans seems to make the lives of the great majority of American women so insipid and incomplete. In a country like England, which is still very largely ruled by a "governing class," women are bound to play a leading and triumphant part. However high their position in society, it is not, and never can be, so high as to remove them above the sphere of politics. Their sons, brothers, husbands or fathers are sure to be players in the game, and they themselves are sure to be something more than spectators. Practically all Englishwomen of title are born into politics, hear politics discussed in their family circle from childhood, find their drawing-rooms turned into political salons, and meet day by day men who live for little but politics.

There is nothing in America, so far as I am aware, which at all resembles this. Is there a single establishment in Washington that could be called a *salon*? I should greatly doubt it. Even to come across an American woman with a real interest in and comprehension of politics is extremely rare; and I have never heard of an instance in American history in which a woman played a really decisive rôle. Like their sisters in all other republics, American women take an altogether secondary and insignificant part in national affairs.



Miss May Etheridge, a London Gaiety girl, escaping from the crowd at the registry office where she married Lord Fitzgerald



MISS EMILY DAVISON'S FUNERAL

An interminable procession of suffragettes marched through the streets of London in the funeral train of Miss Emily Davison, who stopped the King's horse at the Derby race. Above is shown the railway carriage in which the coffin was carried from London to the cemetery. A militant suffragette stood on guard during the journey

The Younger Suffragists

By WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

MIDDLE-AGED reformers are tremendously excited over the radical utterances of some of the younger generation. Woman suffragists of a past decade, seeing the cherished goal of emancipation in sight, tremble lest the work of the pioneers be undone by revolutionary utterances of a few "hot-headed young women."

To these I would commend the following truth: *The radicalism of to-day becomes the conservatism of to-morrow.* Even in the memory of the youngest of us, the public once considered a woman suffragist a female outlaw, and the press pictured her invariably with short hair and trousers. Within a decade the entire attitude of the public has changed, until it is allowed that suffragists may be beautiful and fashionable, and only in rare instances is a little good-natured fun poked at them. I myself have witnessed the evolution of woman suffrage from a revolutionary measure to a conservative one!

The article signed by Mrs. Belmont in a contemporary magazine, which so passionately denies that the women leaders of the suffrage movement demand anything other than the vote, has a grain of truth, in that many of these women are of a past generation, and, while once radical, are now conservative. They have not kept ahead of the times. To them the vote is a fetish—a magician's wand to conjure with. Having once obtained it, all human problems are to be solved easily and expeditiously. Many of them, in fact, scarcely think ahead toward the solving of problems at all, but merely want the vote to prove their equality with man, and to demonstrate democracy.

The younger generation has no quarrel with this attitude, for it is absolutely necessary for any democracy to enfranchise all of its adult population; but there are within the fold of modern franchise-seekers a number of women who consider the vote the merest tool, a means to an end—that end being a complete social revolution.

ANY reformer is apt to be frightened for the success of his cause when others seek to couple with it still more unpopular measures. We have a deep sympathy with those older women who have borne the brunt and ignominy of the jeers and social ostracism of past public opinion. They are in terror lest the old unjust terms of opprobrium—"free love," "destruction of the family," and such—will drag the vigorous present cause back a few paces.

The younger feminists, however, do not look with any alarm upon temporary setbacks that might conceivably be given to woman's enfranchisement. So certain are they that evolution is necessitating changes in social and economic conditions, which may on the surface appear revolutionary, that they smile contentedly, knowing that no human agency can stem the tide.

What, then, are the demands of the younger radicals who are so agitating the elders within the fold?

1. *The abolition of all arbitrary handicaps calculated to prevent woman's economic independence.* This applies to spiritual as well as to material stumbling-blocks, for public opinion forms quite as impassable a barrier as rules and regulations. The woman of the future—married or single—must be absolutely free to earn her livelihood, and must receive equal pay for equal service. The younger feminists consider that the day is rapidly approaching when to be supported by a man in return for sexual privileges, or mere general housekeeping, or to be paid for motherhood, will be morally revolting to every self-respecting wife. They claim that as soon as men and women elevate their standards to the conception of a free womanhood, choosing its mate from deliberate affection, rather than in a wild scramble to be "taken care of" in idleness, they will look with horror on the old days when women "married to get a home."

2. *The opportunity for women to serve in all civic capacities*—on municipal, educational, institutional, and reform boards, on juries, and in every function by which

they can be of service to their own sex and to children. This is coming about gradually, through women probation officers, attendants at Juvenile Courts, police matrons, "policewomen," physicians in insane asylums, in children's institutions, etc. It is only surprising that there yet is a violent struggle every time a woman runs for membership on a local school board.

3. *A demand for a single standard of morality.* This is not to be interpreted arbitrarily as meaning either a strictly puritanical standard or an objectionably loose standard. It merely means that there shall be no unjust and persecuting *discrimination* against the woman offender, when both man and woman offend.

THERE is a violent altercation going on continually, within the ranks of feminists in all countries, regarding this question. Every woman in her right senses bitterly resents the injustices of the man-made world, which has for centuries branded the scarlet letter on the woman's breast, and let the man go scot-free. But the conservative women reformers think the solution is in hauling men up to the standard of virginal purity that has always been set for women. The other branch, claiming to have a broader knowledge of human nature, asserts that it is impossible and perhaps undesirable to expect asceticism from all men and women. Naturally, the former group of women are horrified that the latter are willing to face facts as they are, and constantly say to them: "In advocating a single standard of morality, instead of elevating men to the plane of women, you are dragging women down to the plane of man!"

Now, this is not a moral treatise. I am quite willing to let the future citizens work out their own salvation, with a fair certainty that they will attain considerably more fairness, and a generally higher standard, than ever before in any century. The all-important contention is that men and women as human beings, frail or strong as the case may be, must be judged from the broad human standpoint, and, legally and socially, receive fair play. The old-line suffragist who seeks the vote in order to gain laws by which the mother has an equal guardianship with the father of her children, an equal ownership of property, etc., and yet who condones the ostracism of a woman and the adulation of a man, when both have broken a law of conventionality, is absurdly inconsistent.

4. *The abolition of white slavery and prostitution.* This is only one form of the age-long insistence of man's ownership of woman. Its manifestations are quite as real in the harem, and in some phases of marriage, as in the poor creature who is sequestered, an absolute prisoner, in "houses" in our cities. The radical feminists consider it the highest moral duty of educated woman to instruct the young so that they may accomplish their own protection; and we resent the insinuation of the writer of the aforesaid article that women who wish to investigate and abolish the social evil are "morbid and discontented" and "discuss the subject from the house-tops, dragging young women and children into it." White slavery is due very largely to the ignorance of young girls—in many cases regarded as highly desirable on the part of their parents. The trend of many modern dramas has been to awaken woman's responsibility for her sisters, and to impress upon her the actual criminality of ignorance.

The play "Hindle Wakes" certainly never was witnessed by the author of the article, who misstates the problem thus: "The play approves of a young man and a young woman slipping away for a week-end together to please the fancy of a moment." The entire point of the drama is missed. Any one who has seen the play knows that, sordid as it is, the effort is not to glorify a temporary liaison, but to claim that the girl was no more to be ostracized than the boy; nor could she be

"made an honest woman" by marrying a youth whom she held in contempt. Her clearness of vision was brought out in her assertion of independence. Although an ignorant factory girl, she rose above the suggestion of jumping into matrimony with the rich mill-owner's son merely to shield her reputation. "As long as there are eight mills in Hindle, I shall not lack for work," she said coolly. "So why marry a man I do not love or respect?" Any suffragist who fails to see the high moral ground of the girl who will not marry to protect herself simply stamps herself as one of the old-time conservatives.

5. *The right to activity of expression and of creating social ideals, quite unhampered by old superstitions.* For centuries women, like cows, have been over-sexed. No wonder that they are often self-conscious and hysterical. They are regarded as "the sex," and are seldom allowed self-expression as individuals. Thus it is that, in discussing all questions of divorce, of marriage, of the home, of children, people eternally drivel and become effusive regarding women. They are never referred to except in their relation to men. It is always "the wife and mother," "the sweetheart and sister," not simply "the woman." As a matter of fact, public opinion in the future will regard men as quite as essential to the home as are women; and women as quite as essential to the world as are men.

IF the above claims of certain advanced feminine thinkers in all countries seem revolutionary and shocking, let me hasten to assert that they are not the claims of suffragists, *in toto*. All feminists are suffragists, but all suffragists are not feminists. As I suggested in the beginning, the suffragists who only a decade ago were regarded as wild radicals are now considered quite conservative. They claim the vote as "wives and mothers," as "home-makers," as "helpmeets." They urge the rights of the child—the fact that pure food and milk and gas and water are municipal problems as well as housekeeping ones as reasons for women entering municipal housekeeping. The public and press, now educated up to this point, applaud this attitude which seems to them agreeably housewifely.

It is a well established fact that woman suffrage in itself does not bring about a revolution. Wyoming, which has had women citizens for forty-three years, has a remarkable record for few divorces. Colorado and the other States where women are enfranchised show a praiseworthy list of laws relating to women and children, factory inspection, protection and reform, introduced as bills by women legislators. The feminists applaud all these things, but go much further in their demands. They are glad that suffrage has not disrupted homes; but they are quite willing to inquire frankly into monogamy, studying it with open mind, not churchly terror, and to see homes disrupted which rest on an immoral foundation, believing that divorce is far preferable to "legal prostitution."

They regard as somewhat absurd the statement of the writer previously alluded to, that the record of women's political rights "shows beyond all controversy that the effect of equal suffrage has been to raise the standards of domestic life, to make wives happier, to increase the number of marriages; and it is a literal fact that there is far less of the abnormal discussion of the sex question where women have the suffrage!" Just why wives should be happier, *as wives*, because they vote, is difficult to see. I am a born suffragist, dyed in the wool; but I certainly base my happiness as a wife on the excellent traits of my husband, not on the fact that I have gone to the polls several times in my lifetime.

Again, one can scarcely see how the most ardent suffragist can claim that the ballot increases the number of marriages! Does the dropping of the coveted little paper in the ballot-box really increase a girl's romance and desire for matrimony? If so, men should be very eager to enfranchise all the eligible young women. Again, how did the writer obtain statistics as to the amount of "abnormal discussion of the sex question" in States where women vote and in States where they do not? Just what is "abnormal discussion," anyway?

WOMAN suffrage to-day rests on a "safe," conservative basis. It does not abolish monogamy. Now, the younger generation are quite curious to see the experiment of monogamy tried in some country! The majority of women have always been constrained to a monogamous existence; but no sane person would assert that monogamy actually exists anywhere, except in rare cases. If it does, how can we account for the curious fact—claimed by investigating sociologists—that the great majority of the patrons of houses of prostitution are married men?

These may be "indiscreet utterances of young women who deny the necessity of a proper regard for the conventionalities, and claim for themselves a liberty of speech and an independence of action that are wholly indifferent to the effect on a critical public." And it may be true that "it is most unfortunate for any reform to be championed by this class of enthusiasts." However, it is not my belief that any reform ever really prospered through moral cowardice. However persecuted the pioneers who express what they believe to be the truth, the world has a way of justifying them in the end. A terror of public opinion is not a part of the mental equipment of the world's great leaders.

If the kind public will but exercise a little thinking power, and try to realize the mental concepts of those who present a new viewpoint, they frequently will find it to be *intensely moral*. Invariably, the feminists of the world, in seeking woman's social freedom, her economic independence, and her responsibility toward all activities, are actuated by the highest moral purpose; and their newly constructed world will be one of greater civic and personal morality, far greater kindness, charity, and justice, and considerably greater happiness per person.

The personnel of these feminist leaders is invariably beyond reproach. It is very amusing to note that the public always insists that women reformers are unhappily married, and therefore are discontented and bitter, arguing that women think only in terms of personalities. I have in mind, at the moment, three beautiful young radicals in the thirties. Each has a handsome, intelligent husband whom she adores.

There is something rather noble and lofty in women who might be lazy and live by their sex, as their ancestors for centuries have done, deliberately putting themselves to work. There is a growing feeling among sensible women that alimony is absurd and unfair to men. Most people are fairly greedy, and it would seem natural that a disgruntled woman who obtained a divorce because her husband was at fault might be glad to secure all the "financial reparation" the court would allow her. Many women believe, however, that it is sufficiently absurd for an able-bodied woman to be supported by a man while living with him, but doubly so during long years after they have ceased to be on speaking terms!

The support of children is another matter. Of course, there is a grain of justice in the alimony idea, founded on the fact that if a woman has lived with a man for twenty years she probably has fallen behind in the race for a livelihood, and can not make a place for herself in the economic struggle, and so, as marriage has deprived her of her earning capacity, some restitution should be made. In the future, when women continue to make money after marriage, they will not be a drag (should they become divorced) on an ex-husband!

SUCH are a few of the claims and beliefs and hopes of a surprising number of women all over the world. They are not always brave enough to speak them openly. Many a man would be amazed if he could turn an X-ray on the brain of his demure little helpmeet! I hasten to say that suffrage is not responsible for these radical opinions. It might, and probably would, repudiate many of them. But I will tell you a little secret: Although woman suffrage does not know it, it is a part of the social revolution that is surely sweeping every civilized country, and is the prophecy of the dawn of a to-morrow far brighter and better than yesterday or to-day.

Christabel

By ELIZABETH ROBINS



Christabel Pankhurst's outstanding quality is valiant purity

WHAT is she like?

Well, if you care to take my word for it, she is, in sum, unlike anything the world has seen before.

I ought to begin by admitting that I am not a wholly uncritical observer of Miss Pankhurst. I do not agree with all her theories, I am not with her in all her practice.

But any one can make a fancy sketch of a young woman who presents as many points of attractiveness as the Organizer-in-Chief of the W. S. P. U.

While my sketch will be fact rather than fancy, it will not pretend to be all the facts, even in so far as I see them. The hour for final judgment is not yet.

In the meantime women who realize what is involved in the fight for the Suffrage have no duty more binding than to prevent misrepresentation of those who are in the forefront of the fight, those captains who, by the various roads, are leading the legions which converge towards the Parliaments of the world.

The duty I speak of is most imperative towards those most grossly misrepresented.

I have often refused to do a study of Miss Pankhurst. She seemed so much more capable than most people of making herself clear.

The misunderstanding of her that I find current on my arrival in America moves me to set down these impressions from our acquaintanceship extending over something like eight years.

She lives in the memory of most, turning up that round chin of hers to meet a question as to tactics; a slender body braced for defense; flinging out a hand to

send home some thrust, shrivelling criticism in the caustic of her wit; intolerant of opposition, burying objections under weight of controverting fact; reconciling the objector by an imperturbable good-humor; often harnessing him to the Movement by virtue of her own completeness of dedication.

WE saw her "full face" in the early raids on Westminster, those called with an audacious irony: "Going on Deputation to the Prime Minister,"—much as a warder might go to the door of a cell and ask the prisoner, "will you kindly come out, sir, and be hanged."

One sees again the face under a hat awry, yet every flower, or end of ribbon, showing flag-like where was the thickest of the fight and where the straight way lay—the way to the rudest publicity for matters never so fully stated before.

One sees her facing the police, stopped by them, protesting, always with self-possession and with apparent expectation of succeeding in the impossible errand.

Profile, this time, as she rises in the dock. A half sheet of paper in her hand with its three or four notes; the stylograph stuck back in the case which is pinned to the yoke of her gown. You see her lifting that face to the perplexed Jury, to the scandalized Judge. "Come," she seems to say, "let us reason together."

She is complimented from the bench upon her able advocacy, and sent to prison.

She seems to have had her fill of such compliments.

No one must suppose that she wears always the militant face. I think of the one I saw flushed with fever, lying on a sofa in a Yorkshire Hotel. I had just heard her speak in the market place—speak with strange patience in the teeth of ignorance and insult, speak to an audience I wondered she would care about convincing. She was ill at the time, struggling with a cold that would have extinguished most people. I had watched her standing for an hour in the windy market place, had listened to her clouded voice, growing hoarser as she explained to the foolish, and endured the drunken.

HALF an hour after, she lay in my room with closed eyes and fever-bright cheeks, while her mother went out to buy quinine, or what not. Had this not been our first meeting I should have known better than to waste breath urging her to stay on the sofa all the evening. She had, I knew, no meeting of her own, but up she stands and we three go to a man's political gathering. The girl I had thought fit only for bed, rises in her place and attacks a scheme advocated by the man, afterwards her (and all women's) good friend, George Lansbury. That night he was explaining the need of an appropriation for poor boys' school games and athletics—in the name of the betterment of the race. He found no fault with, he even defended, the grotesquely smaller provision proposed for the benefit of poor girls (and presumably for the benefit of such little share as they might conceivably have in that matter—of bettering the race). Suddenly the girl was on her feet by my side, hardly audible at first, through the fog of her stifling cold, but still able hotly to denounce Mr. Lansbury for not protesting against unfair discrimination in favor of physical training for the stronger sex. He, poor man, astonished, a little injured, feeling apparently that he had done rather well (considering the strength of conservative opposition to get any appropriation whatsoever), modestly looking, as I thought, for congratulation—to find himself hauled over the coals, and baited and trowned by this little girl with the hoarse voice.

I rather think that was the first time Mr. Lansbury ever saw Christabel "full face." Little enough in any case could he have dreamed then, that he would listen to that voice till it should lead him and his children to prison.

Another time I see her lying in the shade of a cypress tree in a Sussex garden—a lissome, relaxed figure in an apple-green gown. In the dark eyes none of the fire we had seen burning on Westminster raids, but a light that seemed more a childish gladness of spirit.

She lies there and gives and takes chaff with a school-boy. He, not a being of easy enthusiasms, is soon among Christabel's friends. They sit side by side, he showing her some illustrations in the *Sphere*. An Anti-militant, struck by the tableau, drew me aside—"I've watched her for two days. I have the very strongest feeling there must be some mistake. That little schoolgirl *can't* be making all this trouble."

That was the opinion in the adjacent village, though obviously shaken by her ringing up the London Headquarters office to insist that the Mayor of Dublin should be held to the promise that had been extracted from him—heaven knows how—the amazing promise to make an official visit to London in order to exercise an ancient and forgotten right, unused for centuries, to plead before the bar of the House of Commons. The plea in this case was of course: "give women a share in citizenship"—and Christabel in Sussex pulled the strings that brought the chief civic dignitary out of Dublin and drew him over the Irish Sea to stand in his mayoral robes and insignia before the English Commons—adjuring them "do justice to women!"

WE have in London a great music hall whose name, the *Pavilion*, was long associated solely with the most frivolous form of variety entertainment. This hall has been crowded to its capacity, year in, year out, at the Monday suffrage meetings, and not only by those interested in the women's movement. We have seen the boxes there filled with the gilded youth turning their backs on the stage and talking among themselves on those Monday afternoons, just as they are in the habit of doing during the less diverting "turns" at night. We have seen, at Christabel Pankhurst's standing up to speak, all those backs turn, and the faces of the men crane over the box, curious, alert, responsive to as much as they understood—to the life and youth and valor of her, if nothing more—nudging one another at some hit; seizing her points, laughing with her at her enemies, applauding her impassioned attacks upon the government with as much enthusiasm as though she were a Russian dancer.

And when Christabel Pankhurst's "turn" was over we have seen the entire party rise and leave the hall.

The Christabel these young gentlemen thought such good fun was the Christabel who, already for some years, had been trudging up and down the country, going through mud and rain, holding little obscure meetings in stuffy rooms; the Christabel who was the first to brave the horrors of the unreformed Holloway; the Christabel who gave the flower of her youth to make votes for women the most vital issue of the day.

HAD you called to see Miss Pankhurst?—so had all these sitting in the entry room. At last you stood in her little office. The only room she had of all the many in use by the Union was a sort of passage.

A big desk occupied a good share of the space. On a swivel chair, a little person writing an editorial. One window, two doors, and in and out of these doors a constant procession—girls with armfuls of literature, girls with letters, girls with telegrams, girls and women hurrying through one way or another no matter who was there, or what was being said, written, or thought out. In the heart of that hurly-burly all the most vital business of the Union was shaped and launched, up to the hour when she left that night just in time to escape the clutches of an exasperated government.

In the great new building in the Kingsway, Christabel has her more comfortable quarters. She has never occupied them, never seen them.

WHEN the W. S. P. U. Fund had rolled up its staggering sum, to women's innocent surprise, the mere financial prosperity of the Union bred in the breasts of politicians a respect they had never shown towards the principles of justice, or the spectacle of devotion to an ideal. The Fund became also a source of envy and all uncharitableness in certain adherents of causes less generously supported.

The air grew thick with vague suspicion and open charges that the Pankhursts were feathering their nests. They were living extravagantly on the fat of the land. Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Sylvia lived enough of their time in prison to take the point out of any application of the charge to them. So it was oftenest referred to the Pankhurst who was constrained to live on the fat of "the pleasant land of France."



Christabel Pankhurst in three years of militant martyrdom has changed from the girl shown in the right hand picture to that shown in the left

Coming down from the mountains of Savoy I dropped in one evening on the exiled Organizer. I found her in the luxury she had then for months been steeped in—living *en pension* in a third-class hotel in a town on the coast.

One room served the controlling spirit of the rich Union—one room to sleep in and to work in. That narrow bed-chamber on the top floor—no lift—reached only by climbing endless stairs, that place of meager, dingy furnishing, constituted not only the luxury of her personal establishment, but served as editor's office for the Union paper—the real Headquarters of the Movement. Out of that little room went forth the energy which, if it was not responsible for keeping the question of Woman Suffrage intensely alive, did certainly control and guide the more militant forces.

TALKING till late into the night, we spoke of a woman whose latitude of view in matters of sex-relation had given much offense both to Suffragists and Antis. Christabel had no love for the theme, but she pitied the woman—explained her as a doctor diagnoses disease.

Her attitude to the subject reminded me of another midnight talk a year or so before. She had come down into the south of England for a little rest and I was remorseful at letting her sit up so late. I offered her a novel to take to bed. Yes, she would like a novel. She took the one I offered and with a gesture of distaste gave it back. "I began it," she said, "but I couldn't stomach those scenes between the wife and the husband." I had not myself read the book, which had not long been out. Miss Pankhurst described cursorily, with an effect of haste to be done with it, a certain scene which, along with the critics' comment on its "strength," and

Maupassant-like veracity, the world in general had swallowed without blinking.

At sight of Christabel Pankhurst's loathing, I remembered the unblushing utilitarian she is. Whatever expresses the views she shares she will applaud, however little literate the effort may be. However well done, what runs counter to her views she sees no merit in. In fact she cannot "see" it at all.

SO I urged the right of the artist (and the author in question is one) to treat of any and everything under heaven. In any case, as Christabel could not deny, scenes far more *risqué* had been written by men of repute. Whereupon she jumped down my throat. That was precisely the trouble, she said, with this woman-writer. She was trying to go one better—or worse—than men. Men have some excuse. They *have* to invent. They know very little about women. But "women must stop going to men for information about their own sex."

I had long known that many women, and not a few men, accustomed to look upon themselves as fastidious in matters touching sex-dignity recognized in Christabel Pankhurst an unconscious critic of their meaner standards.

Not only is the mind of this young woman constitutionally incapable of making a base use of unsavory topics, she is (not deliberately, but inevitably, because so was she created,) a touchstone of moral soundness.

If I were told that, leaving out the politician and speaking of the essential woman, I must give in two words the sum of eight years' knowledge—I would, out of all the resources of the dictionary, content myself with saying that Christabel Pankhurst's outstanding quality is a valiant purity.



A polling place in the ghetto district. A man and his wife are going in to vote. On the left is an old time politician. On the right is a plain clothes man watching him to see that he does not intimidate the women, as the machine politicians threatened to do

How Women Vote

By KATHARINE BUELL

VERY dramatic were the scenes when for the first time east of the Mississippi River women took part in an important election. That election cast light on the present and the future. Miss Buell was there to represent HARPER'S WEEKLY. She tells what she saw and tells it with the enthusiasm of an ardent believer in the enfranchisement of women

AT six o'clock in the morning of the seventh of April, election day, in the polling-place of the worst precinct in the city of Chicago sit two groups of people, one group composed of two men, bleary-eyed and sinister, and one woman, evidently their friend; in the other group, a man well known for his public spirit, and two or three highly respected and estimable women. In comes a dirty, disreputable-looking man, evidently in a bad humor at having to come so early in the morning, slouching up to the desk. He gives his name. "I challenge this man," says a polite and ladylike voice, "his name is not on the register." A great deal of loud shouting. Finally, it is ascertained with the help of Mr. Czarniecki, who holds on to people literally by their coat-tails, that the man is not on the register, and he is summarily put out. In comes a gentle little girl from the Y. W. C. A., which is around the corner. "I challenge this woman," shouts one of the disreputable looking watchers. More loud talking, more scoffing, crowds gathered in the polling-place by this time, ostensibly to vote. After a bitter wrangle, Miss Clarke, the head of the Y. W. C. A., about whom there can be no reasonable doubt, is produced, to identify her, and she is allowed to vote. And so on and on through the day; the noise and confusion, the darkness of the very disreputable polling-place all conspiring to make it difficult to keep out the men who have no right to vote, and to let in the respectable women.

The first ward is the worst ward in Chicago. It is that part of Chicago that contained the segregated vice district until a few months ago, when the district was abolished. It still contains such houses of prostitution as are allowed to remain

by the police, and the cheap lodging houses where the poor, unfortunate, and vicious men are gathered together. In this ward a woman was nominated on the Progressive ticket. There was no hope for her election from the first, but a brave fight was made to get out as large a vote as possible as an opening wedge to another fight at the next election, and perhaps another and another, until at last the power of Hinky-Dink and Bath-house John, who have ruled this ward for twenty years, shall be broken. The First Ward is a hodge-podge. Besides the above mentioned vicious element, it contains many of the best and most expensive hotels, the big business houses and office buildings, and a few sections of respectable homes. It also contains several institutions like the Y. W. C. A. home for working girls.

THE problem was not so much that of getting out the good vote as it was suppressing the bad, although the good vote in itself was somewhat difficult. Bath-house John Coughlin used every prejudice of race, religion, and class, as hard as he could. He said Miss Drake was not a Catholic, which is quite true, but he also said that she was against the Catholics, which is not so. He got large numbers of Irish Catholic women from respectable homes to vote for him and his corrupt policies on the ground that Miss Drake was "an infidel." He told the foreign-born women that she was an American and against foreigners and against immigration. He told the poor, respectable people of his ward, that she was a "stuck-up" rich woman who lived at a big hotel and hated the poor. Miss Drake lives at a big hotel. She has an income of several thousand a year, but she has made it by her own unaided efforts,

and many years of hard work. Miss Drake was born in 1864, and came to Chicago when a young girl. She was a stenographer, and is still a stenographer. She is said to be the quickest and most accurate stenographer in America. She worked her way from ordinary business correspondence into law reporting. She became the court stenographer most in demand in Chicago. She studied in the law office where she was employed, and was admitted to the bar in 1892. But she has never practiced law—she prefers her other work. She is the person whom any very rich and very busy man who comes to Chicago is sure to employ if he wants his work done with unusual speed and unusual accuracy. She has been an ardent suffragist for many years. She lives in the first ward to be near her work. She knows four or five languages intimately, and geography is her hobby. All her spare time she spends in reading books of travel, and taking little jaunts to Europe, where she has been twelve times.

This was the sort of woman that made the fight against Bath-house John and made a dent in the armor which has so long been impregnable, and this is the sort of person that the poor women of the ward, almost half of whose babies die every year from unsanitary surroundings and uninspected milk, voted against because she was a "rich snob."

DOWN in one of the poorest, dingiest streets in the city, on the fourth floor of a rickety tenement, lives Mrs. Blazi. Mrs. Blazi is a thing almost new in the world of politics—a woman boss. Mrs. Blazi is a midwife, and she knows every Italian woman in that section of the city. She came to this country when she was young and poor and friendless, and she was taught her trade by

Doctor Blodgett, a woman doctor of high standing. She has brought two generations of Italian children into the world, and she is deeply beloved and entirely trusted by all the women of her race. They say she can deliver 500 votes in her ward. It is certain that she brought out 300 on registration day, and nearly as many to the election. Some care lends her an automobile, she stops in front of a tenement, she speaks to some one in the doorway, or in one of the windows, and in a few minutes one after another of the Italian women with shawls over their heads and babies in their arms come down to follow Mrs. Blazi, and do anything she tells them to. Some of them do not speak any English. Many of them do not know what they are doing when they vote. They do what Mrs. Blazi tells them to. Mrs. Blazi is large and beautiful, her eyes are black, her cheeks are red, and although she sits with her little grandson in her arms, she does not look over thirty. She is strong and honest, and she loves the children, but she has a little greasy, fat husband who is a low-down machine politician, and she is a good woman and lives up to her Italian principles. She takes the 500 women to the polls and votes them for Bath-house John because her husband tells her to. It is hoped by the next election that Doctor Blodgett and Miss Addams and other women whom Mrs. Blazi can trust will teach her better, though her husband pats the grandson's head and says, "We won't have any of these wicked reformers getting after you. They are ruining the city, these reformers. They won't even let a man spit in the street-cars. Is that what you call a free country? Give me the old times." And then, the wicked old rascal picks up the baby and rocks placidly back and forth singing, "Heaven is not far away, when Jesus is near."

THE task of clearing out the bad vote was a colossal one, but it was tackled with the vigor that the presence of many earnest and good women in the ward inspired. The secretary of the Board of Election Commissioners is a man named Anthony Czarnecki. Mr. Czarnecki is a Pole, and has been a reporter for twenty years. He knows the worst district of the city from A to Z. It was his task to suspect registered voters, and to call them up for examination. He sat at his big desk in the City Hall, and one by one the scum of the earth came up to prove their right to citizenship. A man comes in stumbling, flaccid, and shifty-eyed. His shoes and hat are very dirty, but the rest of his clothes are only mussed. Mr. Czarnecki looks at him with piercing eyes. He administers the oath to tell the truth, ending very solemnly "So help me God." The man shifts on the other foot, and looks across the room. He doesn't like the Deity being

brought to bear on his personal affairs. "What is your name? Where do you live? How long have you lived there? How old are you? What is your mother's name?" "None of your business." "I am asking you that question merely for purposes of identification," responds Mr. Czarnecki, not wishing to ask of any man what he would not ask of the most respectable person who could be brought up before him. "Where does she live? What is your father's name?" goes on the impulsive voice. "Where does he live? Why didn't you come sooner?" "I have been working all day. Look at my shoes, look at my hat." "Yes," says Mr. Czarnecki, "and look at your nice clean necktie. I guess the squirrel has been too much for you," the squirrel being a cheap brand of whiskey. The men do not like these personal questions. Many of them have seen better days, almost all of them had had respectable homes in their boyhood and they do not wish to be reminded of their degradation.

Word went around of the cross-examination they were to be put to, and large numbers of those expected never turned up to qualify for voting. The women were another problem. Mr. Czarnecki made a ruling which eliminated practically all the prostitutes, at least all those from the houses of prostitution. Since Chicago voted to abolish the vice district, the house of prostitution is illegal, and Mr. Czarnecki ruled that it was impossible to register a legal residence in an illegal house. Whether this rule will be upheld by the courts remains to be seen. Very



Miss Drake, who ran against the Bath-house in the first ward

few of these girls came in asking for the right to vote, but toward the afternoon of one strenuous day, a vision appeared in the doorway of the Commissioner's room. She was gotten up to look respectable—in other words, she had on a cloth tailored suit, evidently an unusual costume for her. Jewels flashed from her neck, her ears, her hair, and covered her hands. She stalked up to the desk. She is commonly called "The Queen of the Underworld." "What is your name?" "Emma Davis." "Where were you born?" "Scotland." "Where do you live now?" She gave the number. "Have you any brothers?" "Yes, two." "Are they living?" "Yes." "Is your mother living?" That is the one question that none of these people seem to be able to stand up against. Her bravado broke down, and she answered the rest of the questions in a shaky voice. She was disqualified.

Miss Drake was defeated, but Bath-house John and his followers spent a great deal of money, and had a very hard time, and next year they will have a harder time, and the year after that still a harder, until finally one day, the First Ward will be cleaned out, and the Bath-house will sink into oblivion.

It is not wholly or even mainly in the opposition to vice that the influence of suffrage for women is manifested. The dignity and importance of women's opinions and point of view have been put upon a definite basis. For the first time in my life (I have never been in Denver) I was asked seriously by dignified old gentlemen with beards, to what party I belonged, and what I thought of Wilson, and whether I stood for non-partisanship. What I thought upon these matters was important if I lived in Chicago, for then I was a voter and a citizen.



Miss Vittum who ran on a platform of child welfare, distributing to her assistants handbills which read, "Vote for Harriet Vittum. She's our friend"

The man that the women were backing in the Sixth Ward is typical of the new era in municipal politics that has dawned upon Chicago. Allen Hoben is a professor of theology at the University of Chicago. He has worked for many years for the improvement of conditions for the babies and children of the city. He is a character new to city politics. He was defeated by a narrow margin because all the political machines were united against him, and because he was running against a man who had already served one term in the city council without bringing discredit upon himself. Many good people in the ward felt that a man who had not voted with corruption deserved another term, not understanding that negation of goodness could never be a match for aggressive wickedness. Although they applauded Miss Breckenridge when she told them that the good is the worst enemy of the best, they did not take it enough to heart to elect the best.

Mr. Hoben stood for non-partisanship, which is the issue most important to the women of Chicago. To take the city affairs out of the hands of national political parties is the first step toward making city housekeeping practical.

Mr. Merriam, who has more influence with the women of Chicago than any other man, or woman either, for that matter, is the professor of political economy who is making so much trouble for the old line politicians in the Chicago city council. It is he who is the prime mover for non-partisanship. The non-partisan candidate was elected in Mr. Merriam's own ward, which is next to the Sixth.

OVER in the Seventeenth Ward a woman was making a fight for the one cause nearest the hearts of the women; next to non-partisanship, the most important cause that the women stood for. It was the welfare of the children. Miss Vittum is strong and quiet and capable. Gentle in her ways, but with a glint in her eye, and an energy in action that would make her a match for any alderman who had a wicked little plan he wanted to put through, Miss Vittum stood in a small, badly-lighted hall in the Italian quarter of the Seventeenth Ward. It was a dance hall, decent, but very poor and simple. It was a place where the children of the Italian people in the surrounding tenements went for their good times, one of the few decent places of amusement in all that section of the city. In front of her was row after row of earnest foreign faces, Italians, Swedes, Poles, a few German, a few Irish, many nationalities from southern and eastern Europe. About one-third of them were women. The women's faces were lined with care.

Most of them had gray hair. Many of them sat with little babies in their arms. Miss Vittum said: "We have always had city fathers. City fathers may be all right, very often they are very good men, but taking care of a city is no longer a matter of taking care of the business, and leaving the women to take care of the home. Taking care of a city is taking care of a home. You cannot keep your

within came the rattle of a piano and noisy laughter. In the window was a large picture of Miss Vittum. Said she, "I must say my respectable feelings had something of a jolt the first time I saw my own picture in a saloon window, but I am getting over it. I think it is high time a city mother appeared in the saloon windows."

Miss Vittum was defeated, but the vote was as close as the women had expected it would be. The man running against her was S. S. Walkowiak, a man who had been in the city council before and had not made a bad record. He was a Pole, the same nationality as the majority of his constituents. Miss Vittum was running on a non-partisan ticket and had all the machines against her. Also she lived on the edge of the ward, so that many of the friends of the settlement of which she is the head lived in the other ward. A man who has for a long time been a force in the Seventeenth Ward is Graham Taylor.

He has been a power for righteousness in the past generation. For many years, when at each aldermanic election a good man and a bad man were running against each other with all the issues clear, he has swung the Seventeenth Ward for the good man. Walkowiak was one of his good men deserving the usual reward of reelection. Also it is with reluctance that he came over to the cause of woman suffrage, and he does not see the point of city mothers. He did not support Miss Vittum, and that in itself was enough to insure her defeat.

Down in the stockyards Miss McDowell was making a brave fight for her candidate. At every ward meeting where she was present she taught the people campaign songs, and they spent a large part of every meeting singing to familiar patriotic airs songs like:

We're looking for a man,
We're looking for a man—
A man who will,
A man who can,
Help us get clean garbage
vans:
We'll elect that man.

Women have always been active in the West, and in Chicago they are especially strong, for there—there is a group of women leaders unequalled anywhere in the world. The pervading, powerful, ever-present influence of Miss Addams' great personality has there attracted and held together a wonderful group of women. Besides Miss Addams herself, there is Mrs. Bowen, Miss Vittum, Miss Breckenridge of the University, Miss McDowell, and

many others, whose power is great not only in Chicago, but all over the United States—I might say, all over the world. And their influence has, of course, added a spur to progressive women in Chicago, which has made for great efficiency and power.



A typical voting place in the twenty-fifth ward where six per cent. of the voters are women. Note the women judges and challengers. The man in the background is Howard M. Wagg, progressive candidate for alderman

homes clean and free from disease, and free from the pollution of bad plumbing; you cannot keep the streets safe, or well paved, or well lighted; you cannot keep the milk supply safe, nor buy decent food in the markets; you cannot give your children seats in school, or working conditions that will keep them out of sickness and vice, unless you have the right kind of an alderman to represent you in the city council.

"We need more in these days to run the city, which is our home, than just a father. We also need city mothers. I



A woman taking her blind husband to the polls

am here to ask you to send me into the council to be the city mother of your children."

Miss Vittum is essentially a motherly woman. As we walked along the street late that afternoon, after the meeting, we passed a saloon on the corner. From

The Chicago clubs are very strong. The Chicago Women's Club is one of the strongest, if not the strongest, of the women's clubs in the country. It contains a thousand women with many hundred more on its waiting list. It has communities which deal with every activity in which woman is interested—art, literature, drama, philanthropy, suffrage, and now, politics. The women are strong, energetic, gentle and effective. The greatest difference between this club in the city where women vote, and any other club of progressive women that I have ever seen, was the vast difference in the interestingness of the conversation. I sat at a large table where a number of women of various walks in life and various interests were gathered together. They were discussing the bond issues which were up for decision at this election. It was so vital, so inspiring. There was none of that atmosphere of impotence that is produced when a group of women who cannot vote are gathered together. "How are we to bring pressure to bear on Mr. So and So? What influence have we in this quarter? How can we advertise better in that?" And a continual undercurrent of argument and wistfulness, "if we could only vote." In this club, people talked straight politics, and there was an energy and a dignity there, above all, a light-heartedness about the conversation, when women said, "Well, I intend to vote" thus and so, or "Down in our neighborhood we think this way about the bathing beaches, or that way about the subway, and Mr. So and So has not done the work we think he ought to have done. We are not going to vote for him this year."

I WENT to a meeting of the Women's Athletic Club where several hundred women, well dressed, wealthy, and mostly beautiful, had come to hear Mrs. Bowen and Miss Addams speak on the coming election. After one of Miss Addams' gentle, quiet, convincing talks, and Mrs. Bowen's rapid fire and eloquent use of statistics, a few minutes were given to questions. It was wonderful to see

these women, having grown middle-aged, sometimes old, in sheltered homes where politics and business were never allowed to enter, rise in their seats and say simply: "How shall I vote on the question of the bond issue for the County Hospital," and to hear the answer, "We need a County Hospital, but the men at present administering the funds are not to be trusted. Until we can get in better city officers, we ought not to tax ourselves for any more money to be squandered." And it was not squandered, for at the election every bond issue except that for the contagious disease hospital, which comes under the Board of Health, over which there is a dependable man, and a small sum for bathing beaches, was emphatically and completely defeated. The women voted against paying any more taxes unless they knew exactly what was going to be done with their money. It was a vote of lack of confidence in no uncertain terms.

As I was leaving the club I heard one woman say, "Now I cannot come to the ward meeting tomorrow night, I am giving a party." And her friend rebuked her, "Why in the world are you giving a party so soon before election? You ought to be working at politics." "Well," said the first woman, "it is my little daughter's birthday, so I must give this one, but I must say that I have not been to a card-party, or given one, for four or five weeks. I simply have not the time, I am so busy with politics." And the other woman said, "Well, go down now to headquarters. I will lend you my car, but be sure to get it back by twelve, as I have an appointment with my dress-maker. But if you really need the car longer, you had better stay; I can change the appointment. The election is much more important than a dress."

There is one club in Chicago which is the exemplification of all that sex democracy stands for. It is the Progressive Club. In large, scantily decorated, but comfortable rooms, over a thousand members, seven hundred men and five hundred women, have their headquarters. I dropped in there one day for lunch.

There were a number of men and women standing and sitting about, some of the men smoking, in the most comfortable and unconventional attitudes. Men were there with their wives, daughters with their fathers, mothers and sons. Two or three women, evidently teachers, came in together. A newspaper man from another city bustled in and began shaking hands with a group of older men in a corner. Lunch was being served at tables round which sat a mixed collection of men and women of all ages, all classes of society, and all kinds of occupations. At one table a lawyer from the Twenty-fifth Ward was arguing with a group of women teachers from the Sixth Ward about the bathing beach problem. In another corner a man and his wife, a woman settlement worker, and two brokers were discussing the question of partisanship, and by the window an old man with a beard was holding forth at great length on the Canal tolls to two very serious-looking girls of about twenty-three, whose curly hair blew about in the breeze from the window. They were on a perfect basis of equality. It is the only club I ever saw of men and women gathered together in one room where the least hint of sex consciousness was absolutely absent.

CHICAGO feels that it will not be a very long distant time before the city house-keeping is done by the whole family, and the city fathers and city mothers sitting together in the Council will make a happy home for the children, little and big, and a healthy and busy home for the grown people, which is, after all, what a city is meant for. Chicago is American. What happens in Chicago is probably more typical of the country as a whole than what happens in some of the more cosmopolitan Eastern cities. How much of the marked change that is going on in municipal politics there is due to the fact that women vote, or how much of the fact that women vote is due to the change in municipal politics, is difficult to say, but the two things have certainly come together, and the two things work together admirably.

Then and Now

By GEORGE STERLING

BEYOND the desolate expanse of plain
The sunset like a fiery menace glowed.
The bones of brutes, along the uncertain road,
Were half a year unvisited of rain.

A woman dug within the river-bed,
Eager to know if water could be found.
Her breathing filled the space with weary sound;
On those gaunt arms and face the light lay red.

The turbid water gathered in the hole;
Pausing, she watched the west with steady stare;
Impatiently the oxen sniffed the air,
Tethered and tired beside the wagon-pole.

Above, a hungry child began to push
Aside the canvas of their prairie-van;
Near the low bank a grim, impatient man
Tugged, grunting, at a thick and withered bush.

It snapped. He rolled, then rose with angry face.
The woman stood with gnarly hands on hips,
As broke in epic music from her lips
The indomitable laughter of the race.

Beyond the fenced and many-pastured plain
The sunset rose like minarets of dream.
The bridge across the summer-wasted stream
Roared with the passing of the splendid train.

And from a shining car whose inmates quaffed
Their jewelled wines, a girl with ivory hands
Gazed forth, nor knew that on those very sands,
One sunset-time, her mother's mother laughed.

Eastward she hastened to the roofs of kings,
Her each desire accorded ere 't was felt—
She who had never toiled nor borne nor knelt,
She, tired of life and love and human things.

Woman's Vote in Utah

By ERNA VON R. OWEN

UTAH is a puzzle. It has both woman's suffrage and the Mormon Church. The Church brought women suffrage into Utah. That was in the days of polygamy. Now it would like to disfranchise the women. Why? Mrs. Owen tells some of the things that women are doing in Salt Lake City.

FOR sixteen years, from 1870-1886, the women of the Territory of Utah possessed the franchise. In 1886 they were deprived of it. When Utah became a state, the franchise became an inalienable right of her citizens, men and women, the clause securing it to the women of Utah, under the same conditions that it was granted to men, being an integral part of her constitution.

The Mormon Church has never stood for the advancement or elevation of women in any way. It teaches that to attain salvation, a woman must be married (*or sealed*); it makes her salvation contingent on the loyalty of her husband to the Mormon Church.

Brigham Young habitually spoke of his wives as, "My women." Heber Kimball, among the most prominent of the Mormons, spoke of his wives as "a likely lot of heifers!"

This was the attitude of the founders of the Mormon Church. It is the history of the world, that where polygamy exists, women are enslaved.

IN 1849 gold was discovered in California. The consequent extraordinary race across the continent resulted in bodies of prospectors and miners passing through Utah. Utah's mountains are tremendously rich in silver, gold and copper. As was inevitable, there were some who stopped by the wayside.

By 1870 the "Gentile" (non-Mormon) vote became of such proportions, that Brigham Young saw his ascendancy threatened and a bill was passed by the legislature giving the franchise "to all women, wives or daughters of native born or naturalized citizens." This enabled the Mormon Church to swamp the Gentile vote, because the miners and prospectors were living under such conditions as to preclude the possibility of women being with them. Apostle Lunt of the Mormon Church in an address in San Francisco said: "The women of the Mormon Church vote practically as a unit," and though he did not say so, it is true that they vote as the Church directs and always have.

The Mormon Church, during the years from 1870 to 1886, established a record as manufacturers of voters—not equaled by Tammany in its palmy days—for bands of women converts, immediately on their arrival in Utah, were divided up among the resident Mormons and married off with very little delay, and so under the Legislative Act of 1870, became voters.

During those sixteen years when women possessed the franchise in the Territory, protest after protest and petition after petition went to the federal government and finally led to investigation, producing results which crystallized in the Edmunds-Tucker Law, by which all women were disfranchised and all polygamists.

In 1895, after Brigham Young had given solemn promises for the separation of Church and State the state constitution was submitted to the voters of Utah. That the non-Mormons of Utah, and some honest and sincere citizens who were Mormons, believed in the coming of a

new dawn, is of record. Men and women worked together for the new bestowal of equal suffrage. There were some who doubted the wisdom of the granting of statehood, but the majority voted for the constitution which made all citizens equal in the eye of the law (men and women), and Utah was admitted as a state in January, 1896, with equal suffrage.

For eight years the American Party (non-Mormon) was in power in Salt Lake City. The vote of the women decided the elections each of these years.

Before the American Party came into power, there were no paved streets, lights, sewage or water systems, no street car service worthy the name. In the eight years of their incumbency, Salt Lake City has become as well paved, lighted, provided with sewage and water systems, as any city in the country and far better than many. It has a splendid trolley service.

There are some warm springs within the city limits, which a corporation was on the eve of securing on a ninety-nine-year lease, at a nominal rental from the city. The Mothers' Congress (a Gentile organization) circulated a petition, secured twenty-five hundred names of taxpayers, went down in a body to the City Council and defeated the grab.

A similar project for the steal of City Creek Cañon, one of the gorgeously beautiful playgrounds of the people, was nipped in the bud by the same women at the same time!

Salt Lake City possesses a place of amusement known as Salt Palace. It has a wonderful bicycle track, dancing pavilion and other features. A continual fight is pursued by the management to secure a license. Time and again it has been almost secured, when members of the City Council (men), who were against it, have telephoned to the women to come to their help. As one of the women wrote, "Had not members of the Council phoned when the hearings were to be held, we could have done nothing!" Once they knew when and where the hearings were to be held, the women were on the spot, and owing to their protest, the license was withheld. Mrs. Wight of the Women's Christian Temperance Union did great service in this matter.

UNTIL last fall Salt Lake City's name was blackened by the existence of "The Stockade." This was a large lot in the heart of the city, enclosed by cement walls, in which houses were built which were rented to prostitutes. The place was run by an infamous woman known as Belle London. It was a matter of public belief that various men in official life had money invested in the enterprise.

For two years the Gentile women of the city had moved heaven and earth to accomplish the closing up of the shameful place by appeals to the men. Rev. Elmer Goshen, pastor of one of the large churches, called a special meeting of the men of Salt Lake City and exhorted them to take steps for the abolition of "The Stockade." It was agreed that its existence was a scandal and a shame. But politics was mixed up with it, and

the men could not see their way to doing anything. The women then took the field. A committee appeared before the Town Council and demanded in no uncertain tones that "The Stockade" be closed. Fall elections were approaching, the women's vote was of value. In two weeks "The Stockade" was closed by the efforts of representatives of the women in conjunction with the Juvenile Court. It has remained closed.

THIS all happened just before the fall elections. True or false, the rumors of the connection of some of the prominent officials with this plague spot carried the American Party to defeat. The Commission form of government is in effect in Utah, and the woman's vote was cast against Bransford, the American Party candidate for mayor, and for Park, first mayor of Salt Lake City under the form of government—a Gentile, but having Mormon affiliations.

When the question was brought up before the American Party in convention assembled as to whether they should protest as a body against the use of the Brigham Young design on the silver of the Battleship *Utah*, there was a stormy discussion.

The American Party stands for progress—to it the City of Salt Lake owes its prosperity and beauty. A proportion of the younger Mormons recognize this and vote with the Gentiles in *municipal* elections. If the resolution of protest passed the convention, it would alienate the Mormon vote!

It remained for a woman to address them and by the force of her eloquence put before them the higher view. She carried her point, the Convention passed a resolution of protest and sent it to the President and the Secretary of the Navy!

After the battle was over and the American Party defeated, a letter from the Secretary of the Woman's American Club says, "Don't feel too much depressed by our defeat. We being in power, had to pay for abuses occurring during our time of jurisdiction. It is a good lesson. Perhaps we needed it."

These are a few of the things that can be legitimately laid to the account of the women of Utah!

It is time that it should be known that most of good in Utah is accomplished by the aid of the women voters of Utah, and most that besmirches her name is due to the political dickering that goes on between the Dominant Church in Utah and the "male" voters and their representatives in Washington, D. C.

That anti-suffrage is gaining accessions from the Mormon ranks is true.

As the facts quoted in the beginning of this article show suffrage was given the women of Utah as a political measure to strengthen the position of the Mormon Church; now that the power has come into use to help clean out the Augean stables, the authorities of the Mormon Church would gladly deprive women of the franchise, knowing that no other measure would so quickly put an end to the annoying interference that the machine meets with in Utah.

A Try-Out of Women Voters

By MARY ROBERTS COOLIDGE



AROUND million persons in California registered for the recent primary elections, of whom thirty five to forty per cent were women—a proper proportion since the State has one hundred and thirty males, on the average, to every one hundred females. Although the count is not complete at

this writing, it is unofficially announced that women voted heavily, that is, in proportion to their registration; but never before has the voter, man or woman, been subjected to so great a test of intelligence.

The primary law permits a candidate for State office to be nominated by pe-

tion on the ballots of one or all parties and at the same time all county, judicial and school offices are non-partisan, so that these candidates appear on all ballots. This results in a large number of names—between seven and eight hundred for the whole State—many of which appear on two or three ballots;

and the voter often does not know whether a particular candidate is standing primarily on the Republican, Democratic or Progressive platform. The average citizen, even when voting a straight party ticket, must be able to pick out the strict party man from among those who have secured a place on his ballot by this system of "double nomination".

Women citizens have taken this unprecedented situation in State politics with great seriousness—much more so, it would seem, than men. Several men candidates for Congress confessed publicly that two-thirds of the meetings which they addressed were called by women and a large majority of their audiences were women. Since every voter had to choose a nominee for each of thirty four offices from among nearly a hundred names, the amount of information required to do it intelligently was considerable even for those versed in party politics and, for the feminine voters, it was enormous.

With that mixture of practicality and idealism developed by domestic experience, thousands of women set out solemnly to get information about candidates and to see and hear them on the rostrum. In Southern California, relays of women speakers presented in short talks the qualifications of the men running for office to large congregations of club and church women. In Northern California, hundreds of nonpartisan meetings were called by women to listen to the candidates themselves.

The eagerness with which men sought the chance to speak was almost as amusing as their awkwardness when they presented themselves. Evidently most of them had never formally addressed women before, and their efforts to ingratiate themselves by flattery and emotional appeal rather than by straight talk often defeated their own ends. Some resorted to the tariff question without realizing that the women knew as well as they that it is the deadest of all issues; others used the whole of their five or ten minutes in describing the horrors of European war in relation to women and children. But funniest of all were the men—and they were not a few—who told us they were "family men". One lively young real estate dealer, running for a county office, told in detail about his "four children and a pair of twins". The incumbent of an important office—fair, fat, gross, and forty—began his speeches habitually with the statement: "I am known as the handsome blond!" Only

one in five, perhaps, of the Congressional, County, and Judicial nominees gave any information on pending issues or his own attitude toward them; and most of them dodged the acutely innocent questions with which the women plied them.

It was certainly proved in this political try-out that women are not easily fooled with the usual buncombe nor with sentimental and outworn generalities. They especially resented these common-place tricks of flattery and evasion, preferring the candidate who gave them straight talk even when they were opposed to his opinions. And it became clear that they would not vote for a man of immoral record—if they knew it. In a few instances they even refused him audience. In one Supervisorial district they put up a woman candidate who could have no hope of election because the women would not vote for the unsavory machine candidates offered to them.

The strictly party organizations of women played, relatively, a very small part in the election. The Republican and Democratic women had organizations separate from the men of their parties; while the Progressive, Socialist, and Prohibition citizens worked all together. Although obliged to vote a party ticket at the primaries, women generally seem very reluctant to keep strict party lines—a characteristic which is producing wrath and despair among the politicians.

The most striking feature of women's behavior in this primary campaign was the small number of women candidates running for office, particularly as nomination was easy and not necessarily very expensive. Out of about 700 candidates for State offices only twenty were women and fourteen of these were on the Socialist and Prohibition tickets. Among candidates for county offices there were one or two women in each of the fifty eight counties, running for Superintendent of Schools, Recorder, or Treasurer, many of whom will undoubtedly qualify and be elected.

Nor have women voted largely for women, as against men candidates. Mrs. Helen K. Williams, one of five persons standing for Lieutenant Governor on the Republican ticket, polled less than ten per cent of the total party vote in spite of the fact that she is the editor and publisher of a woman's paper which boasts a considerable circulation. Mrs. N. E. Davidson, one of five aspirants for the office (non-partisan) of State Superintendent of Public Instruction, a

schoolwoman well known and popular in the interior of the State, polled approximately twenty per cent of the total vote but will not be able to qualify.

At the polls, women voters acquitted themselves with credit. Although the ballots were varied and complex, they voted more rapidly and with less assistance than men. They had evidently prepared themselves carefully so as not to make mistakes and appear foolish. In San Francisco they constituted one-third of the election officers and were on duty from eighteen to twenty four hours. Perhaps their experience in tending babies at night had inured them to such a strain—at any rate it is the general testimony that they stood up to it and worked more rapidly and with as much precision as the male officials.

The general results of this first State try-out, so far as women are concerned and taken as a whole, are highly satisfactory. In providing non-partisan platforms open to all candidates throughout the State, they set a new model in politics; and while informing themselves incidentally educated a good many men as well. Their demand that the candidates should have a clean record and should be sincere and outspoken on current issues has been tremendously effective in eliminating a considerable number of the less desirable ones, while giving encouragement to men of higher standards. In the large university town of Berkeley men and women of the same household by no means always voted the same ticket and, when they did so, the husband quite as often voted his wife's choice of candidates.

Most creditable of all is the modesty and discretion of women generally as to their own qualifications for office-holding. There is a widely diffused opinion that unless the woman nominee is likely to be "as good as a man" she should not be supported by women. In consequence of this only a few women offered themselves for office, fewer still have qualified for the final election; but these probably are the ones exceptionally competent to hold office. And moreover, the school offices for which they are qualifying are the ones for which women are obviously best fitted.

It has been established that in this, the first State primary in which women have taken part, they have distinctly raised the level of voting intelligence; and in some degree, also, the standards of candidacy. At the final election in November they will have another opportunity to raise the level both of office holding and citizenship.